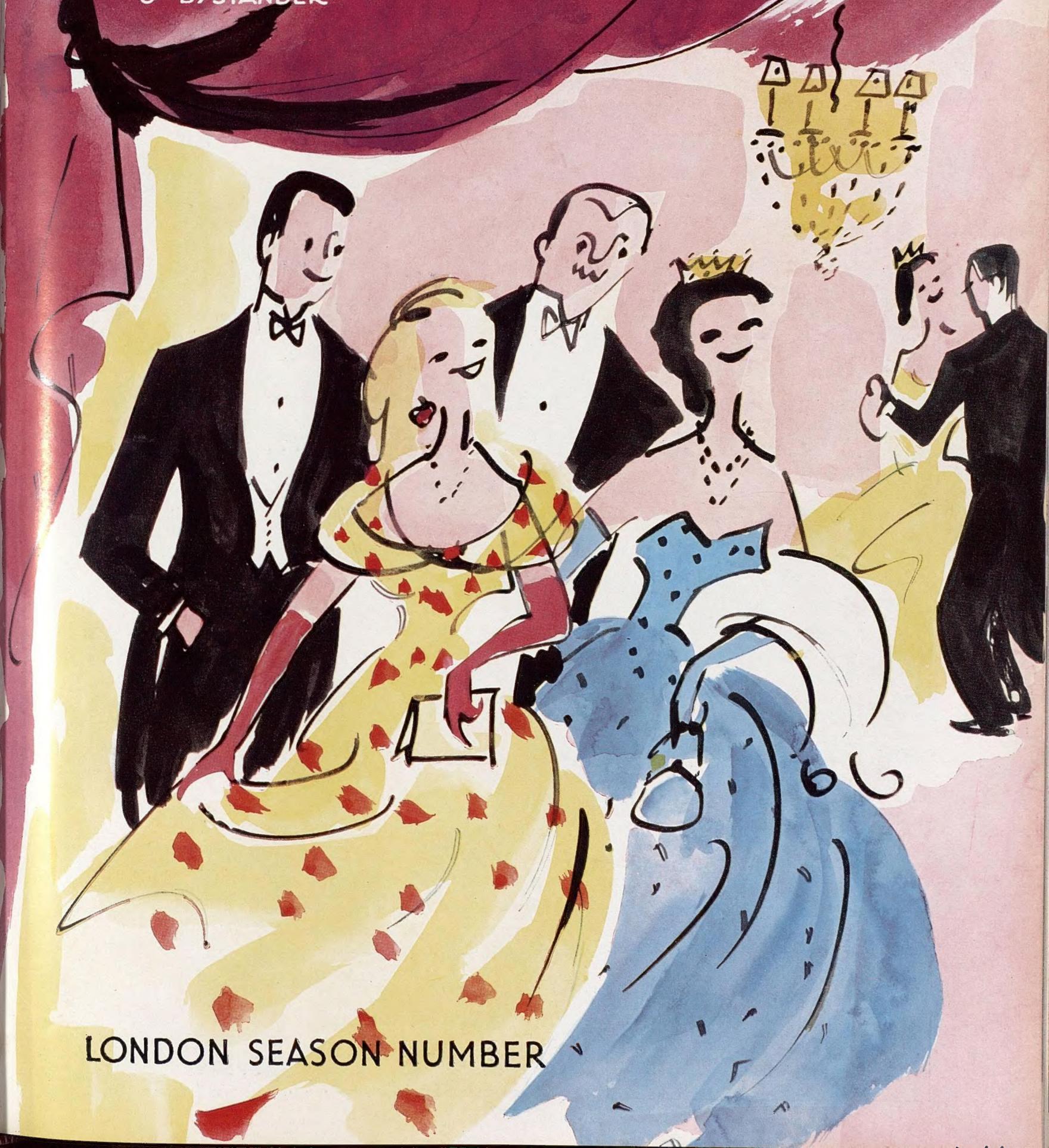


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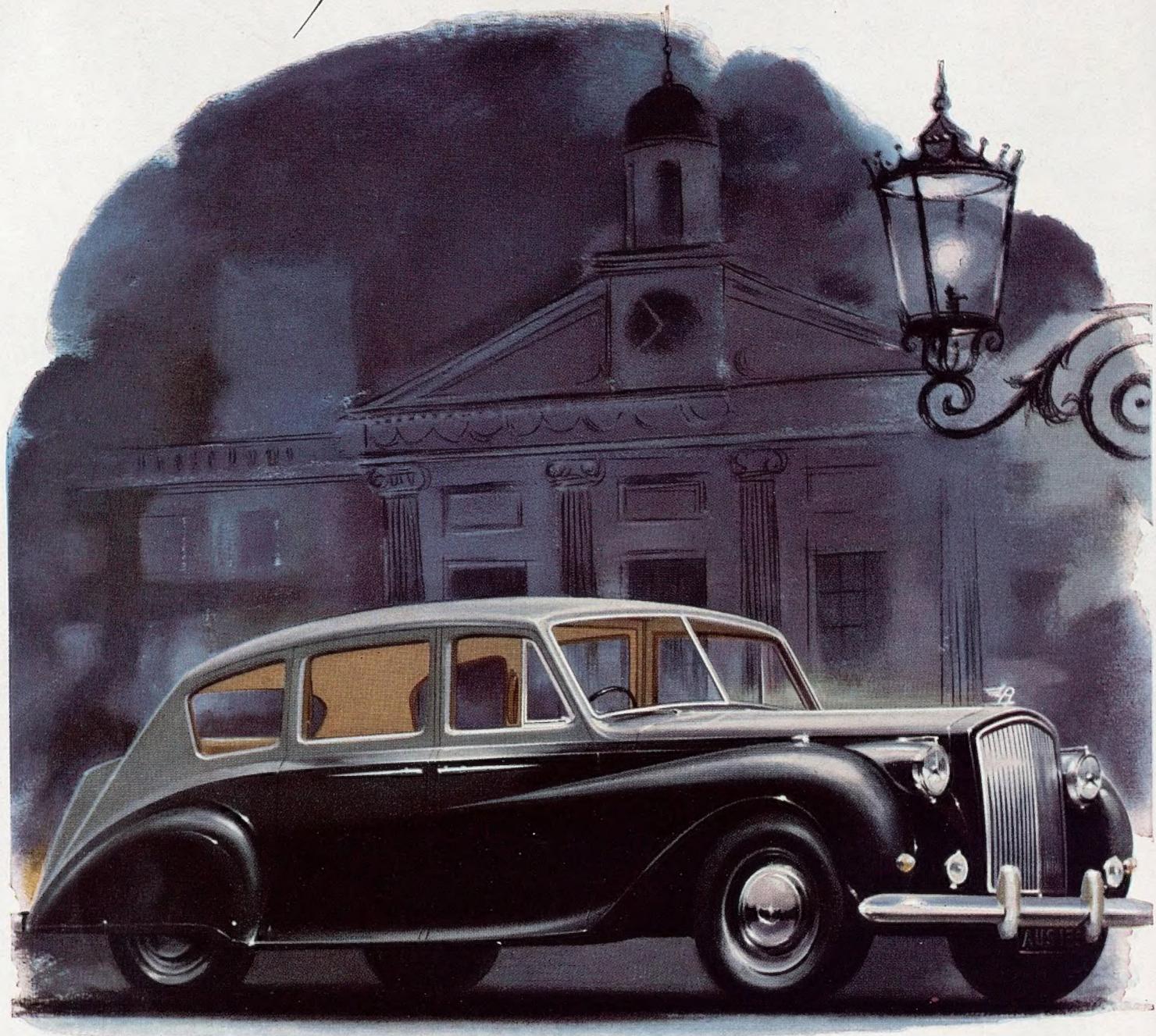
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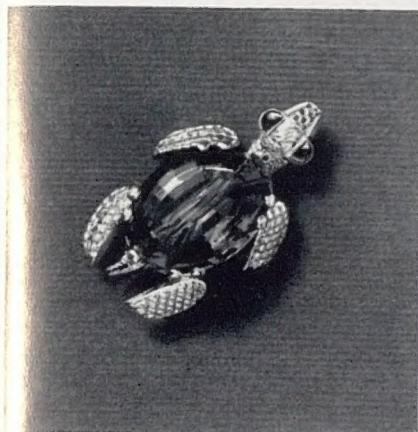
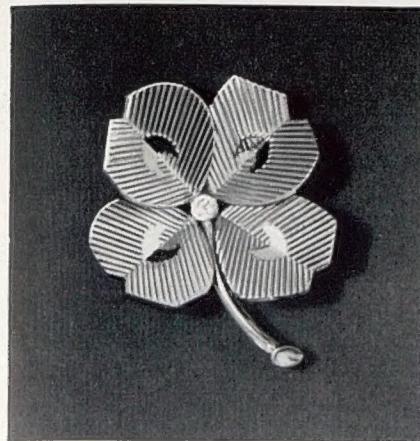
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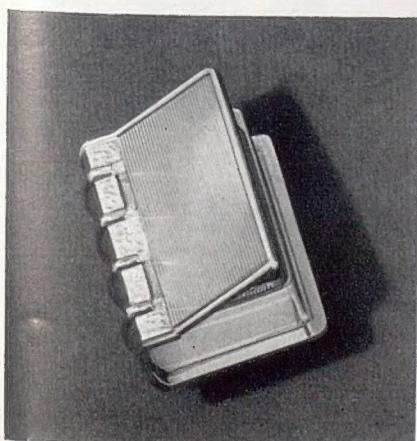
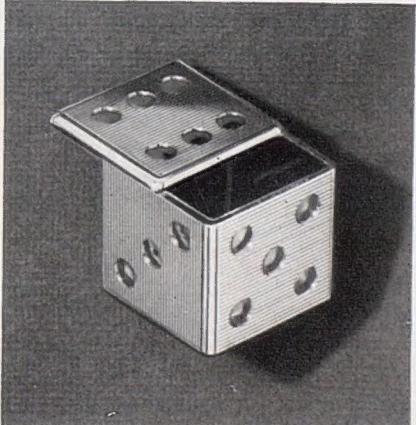
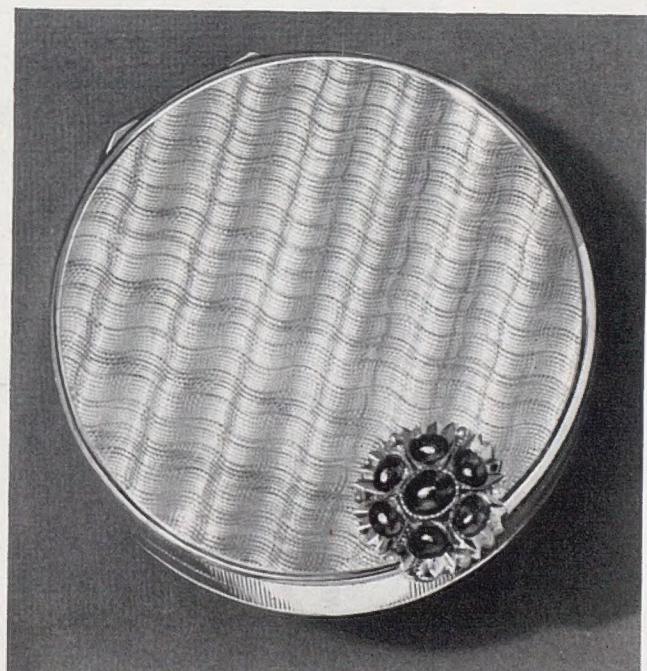
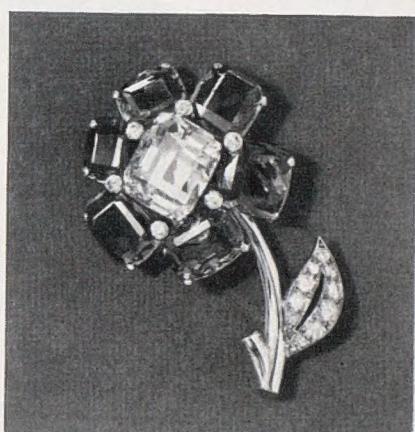
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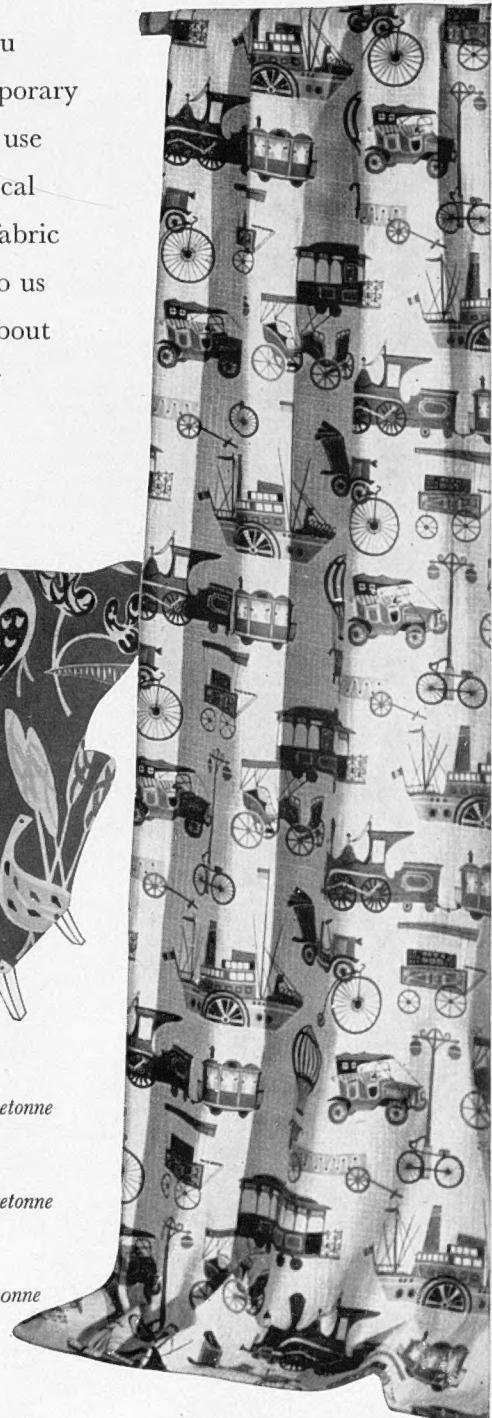
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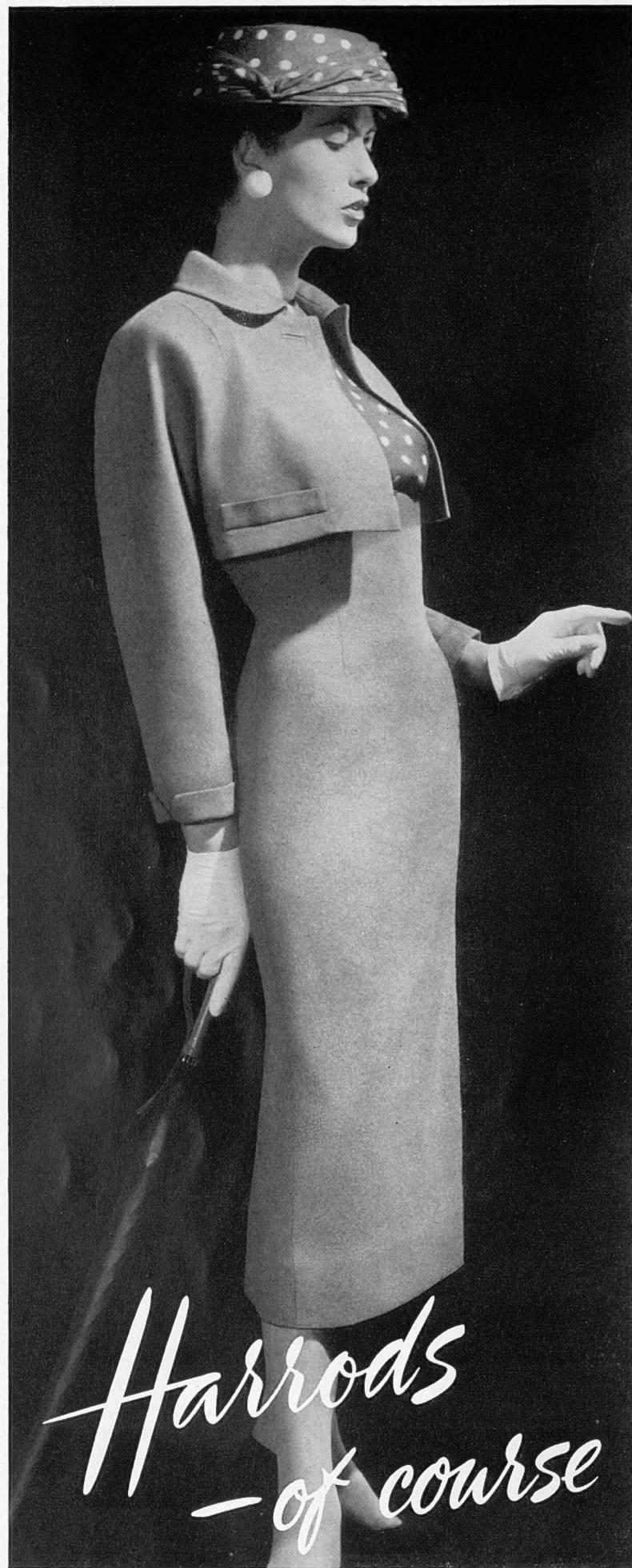
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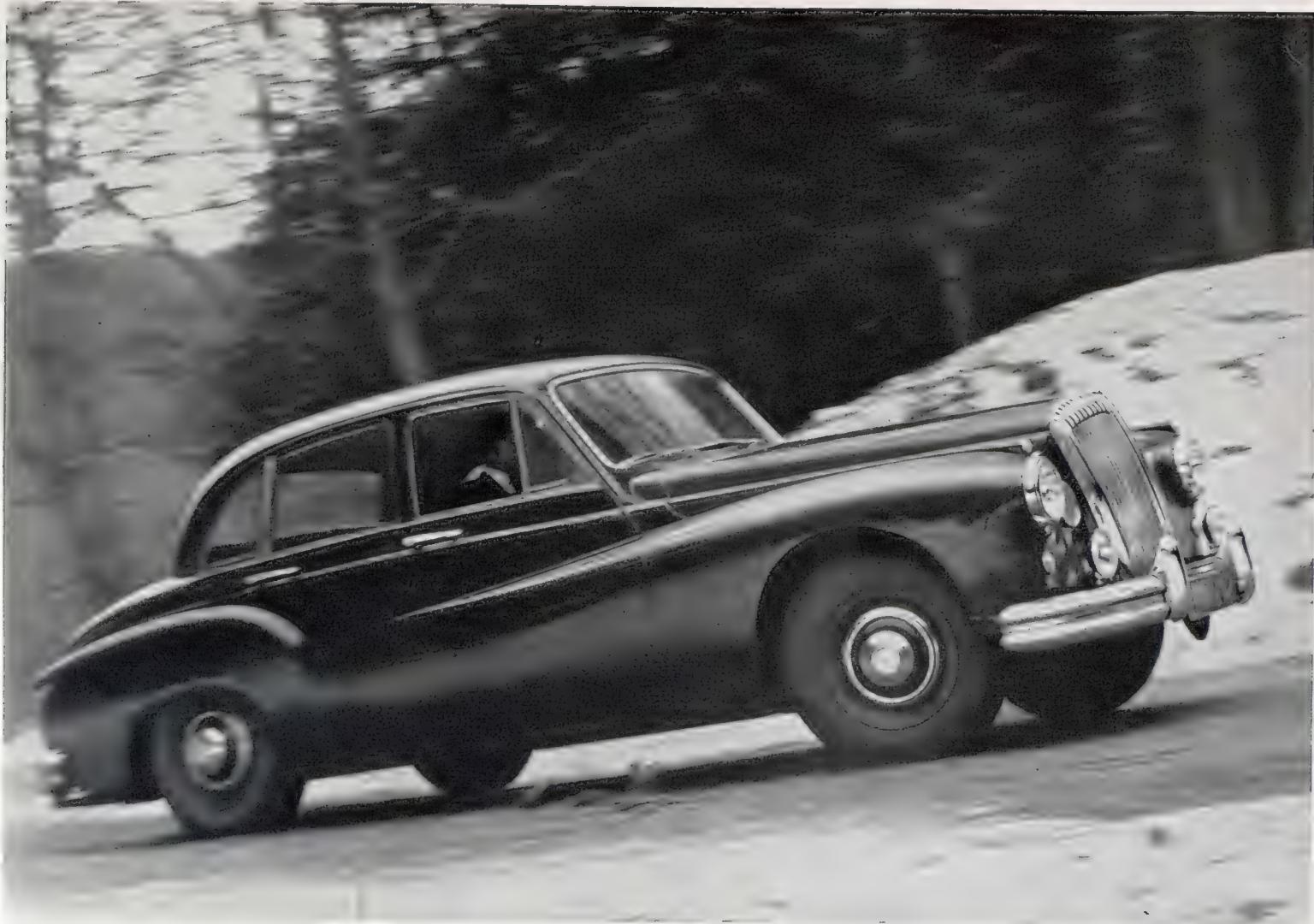
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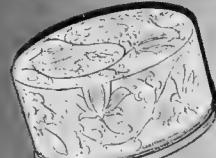
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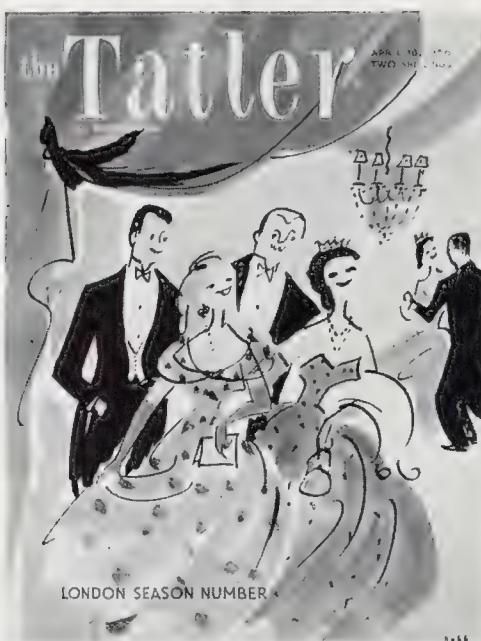
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From April 18 to April 25



DORRIT DEKK, cover artist of this week's issue of The TATLER, came to Britain from Vienna on an art scholarship in 1938, and has been here ever since. She served as an Intelligence officer in the W.R.N.S. during the war, and since has made a career as advertising artist, poster designer and book illustrator with a highly individual style. She lives in Chelsea and on her holidays, when she goes "as far south as possible," paints and draws the typical houses of the neighbourhood in which she finds herself.

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POSTAGE: Inland 1d. Canada 1½d. Foreign 4d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.

April 18 (Wed.) H.M. the Queen and members of the Royal Family at Badminton Horse Trials (to 21st), Badminton, Glos.

Civil ceremony of marriage between Prince Rainier and Miss Grace Kelly at Monte Carlo.

Point-to-point. Heythrop Hunt, at Stow-on-the-Wold.

April 19 (Thurs.) Primrose Day.

The Duchess of Kent attends the première of *Magic Fire* at the Gaumont, Haymarket, in aid of the Family Welfare Association.

Religious ceremony of marriage between Prince Rainier and Miss Grace Kelly.

Dances: The Hon. Mrs. Whittemore for her great-nieces and great-nephews, at the Café Royal.

Mrs. Derek Livsey's for the coming-of-age of her son Mr. Charles Livsey and for her daughter Miss Julia Livsey, at Londonderry House.

Racing at Newmarket, Stratford-on-Avon, Wincanton.

April 20 (Fri.) Dances. Lady Glentoran's for the Hon. Clare Dixon and the coming-of-age of their elder son the Hon. Thomas Dixon, at Belfast Castle.

The Hon. Mrs. Philip Kindersley's for Miss Nicolette Kindersley, in the country. Lady Peppiatt and Mrs. Tim Shepherd-Smith for Miss Shirley Peppiatt and Miss Anne Shepherd-Smith, at the Lansdowne Club.

Royal Scottish Academy's Summer Exhibition opens at Edinburgh (to Aug. 5).

Racing at Hurst Park, Bogside, Thirsk (each two days).

April 21 (Sat.) H.M. the Queen's birthday.

Marriage of the Hon. Colin Tennant and Lady Anne Coke, at Holkham, Norfolk.

Dances. Mrs. Donald Smith and Mrs. Harold Rattle for Miss Gay Smith and Miss Jill Rattle, at North Minstead, Godalming.

Point-to-points. Pytchley at Guilsborough, Quorn at Melton Mowbray, Whaddon at Great Horwood. Racing at Worcester.

International motor race meeting at Aintree.

April 22 (Sun.) H.M. the Queen takes the salute of the St. George's Day parade of Queen's Scouts at Windsor Castle.

The Princess Royal travels to France, where she is to receive the Honorary Doctorate of Lille University.

April 23 (Mon.) St. George's Day.

Princess Margaret attends the Red Hat Ball at Grosvenor House.

Prince Philip visits Belfast to lay the foundation stone of the new Physics Department of Queen's University.

Royal Society of St. George's dinner at the Savoy. Shakespeare's Birthday celebrations at Stratford-on-Avon.

Racing at Worcester, Southwell.

Golf. English Amateur Championship starts at Lytham St. Anne's (to 28th).

Lawn Tennis. Hard Court Championships of Great Britain begin at Bournemouth.

April 24 (Tues.) The Duchess of Kent attends the gala première of Noël Coward's new play *South Sea Bubble* at the Lyric Theatre.

Cocktail party. Mrs. P. K. Butler for her daughter Miss Sally Butler, at the Ritz Hotel.

Racing at Epsom (three days) and Punchestown.

April 25 (Wed.) Perth Hunt 'Chases (two days).

Cocktail parties. Mrs. Leslie Cohen for her step-daughter Penelope, at 6 Stanhope Gate. Mrs. Donald Fraser for her daughter Miss Elizabeth Thierry-Mieg, at 6 Albert Hall Mansions.

Exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century German Art opens at the Tate Gallery.

Racing at Pontefract, Ludlow, Epsom (City and Suburban).

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* Service for taller women. Made in sizes up to 12"



Granddaughter of a great Press figure

MISS SUSAN BERRY is the débutante daughter of the Hon. Denis Berry and granddaughter of Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley. She was presented at one of the March parties at Buckingham Palace, and a

dance is being given for her at Chandos House on June 25 by her stepmother and Viscountess Kemsley. This photograph was taken at the home of Miss Berry's sister, Mrs. A. C. Gilmour, at Chelsea Park Gardens



Betty Swaebe

MISS CAROLINE BUTLER, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Butler, at her home in Thurloe Square with her Yorkshire terrier "Choosie." She comes out this season, and her mother is giving a dance for her at the Belgian Club on June 28. Miss Butler, here wearing the dress she will appear in at the Queen Charlotte Ball in May, writes travel stories and is a keen student of marine biology. Miss Butler has a younger brother and sister. Her father commands the Grenadier Guards.

Social Journal

Jennifer

ON THE VERGE OF THE SEASON

THE London Season really begins in earnest the first week in May, by which time the Court will have moved back from Windsor to Buckingham Palace. The Queen, Prince Philip, Princess Margaret and other members of the Royal Family all have a number of engagements to fulfil during the next three months. For many others the weeks ahead right up to the end of July are extremely busy, with various functions to attend, most of which appeared in my diary of February 15. Racegoers, by the way, should not forget that the end of next week, April 28, is the last day on which you can apply for a voucher for the Royal Ascot Enclosure.

★ ★ ★

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, who is deeply interested in motor racing and all types of cars, was at Goodwood for the first International motor racing meeting of the season. He spent the weekend with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood House and, with his hosts' younger son Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox and another companion, was down at the track looking at the cars long before racing began. The meeting was sadly marred by two fatal accidents, one in the first race when Bert Rogers lost his life after his Sun Pat Special somersaulted off the track. Then in the twelfth lap of the third event, young Tony Dennis, driving a six-cylinder Jaguar D, shot off the track in the Lavant straight, approaching Woodcote Corner. Before this happened he had been driving extraordinarily

well for a novice and with great good sense—it was his first international race. I did not see the first accident but witnessed the second one all too clearly. Tony Dennis, a very promising driver, was a young man with great courage and tremendous charm whose very big circle of friends, young and old, will miss him sadly while his parents will have everyone's sincerest sympathy.

DURING the afternoon there was some excellent racing. Seldom does one watch anything more exciting than the Richmond Formula 1 race for the Glover Trophy (thirty-two-lap scratch race). As they started off Mike Hawthorn, driving the new B.R.M., quickly got into the lead with Archie Scott-Brown driving the new British Connaught and Stirling Moss driving the scarlet Italian Maserati just behind. Then Scott-Brown got the lead and Stirling Moss moved up into second place.

It became a tremendous duel between these two drivers, Moss often trying to pass but never quite making it until the fifteenth lap when he crept past and sped away on the Lavant Straight and into Woodcote Corner, never to be passed again. In the next lap Scott-Brown and his Connaught, who had put up such a magnificent show against the Italian car, suddenly developed engine trouble and spun round into one of the sand banks where he came to rest without any injury.

This left Stirling Moss and Mike Hawthorn to fight it out; then a few laps before the end Hawthorn and his B.R.M., when going at a great pace past Fordwater, suddenly left the road just short of St. Mary's and landed in a ploughed field in a cloud of dust. Those of us who were watching this race just past the west observation tower at St.

Mary's soon saw that Hawthorn was sitting up, having had a miraculous escape. He was thrown clear of his car and only suffered a bad shaking and an injury to an ankle. This left the way clear for Stirling Moss, who on the next lap saluted Mike Hawthorn as he passed.

Moss drove magnificently throughout with his usual calmness and quiet judgment. He not only won the race at a record speed of 94.35 m.p.h., but also knocked 1.2 seconds off the lap record previously held by Hawthorn. Roy Salvadori driving another Maserati was second and "Les" Leston in a Connaught was third. Another Connaught driven by Bob Gerard was fourth. Earlier in the day Stirling Moss had won the Sports Car Race of fifteen laps in an Aston Martin. Roy Salvadori had won the first event for the Lavant Cup driving a Cooper-Climax and Ivor Bueb won the Earl of March Trophy driving a Cooper-Norton. This is an extremely well organized and well-run meeting with excellent facilities in every way for the very big crowd who come to watch this hazardous but exciting sport.

The catering arrangements were some of the best I have ever seen. Instead of the tents of previous years there were numerous modern cream and pale green painted wooden snack bars where you could get a big variety of drinks promptly, and a wonderful assortment of wrapped sandwiches, pastries, etc. These snack bars fold up their wings and can be made into caravans for transport to another event. I looked over one of them which was used for food preparation. This was fitted up as a modern kitchen, with refrigerator, slicing machines and everything needed to prepare food for serving with impeccable cleanliness and speed. I met Mr. De Costa who is the leading spirit behind this splendid outside catering organization, who also provided all the sit-down lunches in the Members' and other luncheon rooms.

THE Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon were both watching the racing from their private stand. Also looking at the racing here were the Duke of Kent, the Earl of March, who left early to rejoin his wife who was at a point-to-point, the Marquess Camden and his son the Earl of Brecknock, Lord Chesham, Mr. Tom Williamson, Sir Andrew Cunningham, Miss Sarah Gordon-Lennox, and Lady Selsden, whose husband was busy as one of the observers. Others officiating were Earl Howe, one of the stewards, who between races drove back from various points round the track in his Mercédès 300 SL, Mr. Ralph Hubbard, the Course Controller, who works as hard at the motor racing events as he does as Clerk of the Course at Goodwood racecourse, Lord Essenden accompanied by Lady Essenden—they had both been staying at Goodwood House for the weekend—and Lord Strathcarron, another of the observers, whom I saw hurrying off flag in hand.

Others I saw there were the Hon. Max Aitken and his very pretty wife who had motored over for the meeting, Mr. Michael Christie who was working an exciting looking movie camera with great skill, Mr. Peter Kirwan-Taylor, Mr. Michael Bryon, Mrs. Ralph Hubbard and her daughter Miss Joanna Norton Griffiths, escorted by Mr. Simon Stourton, and Mr. Jocelyn Stevens with his fiancée Miss Jane Sheffield, who had both come in the lovely car he had just given her. Miss Molly Hudson was helping her sister the Duchess of Richmond and Gordon to dispense a very welcome tea to their friends in their stand, where I also met Mrs. Redmond McGrath, Mr. Giles St. Aubyn and Miss Charlotte Bowater.

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YELLOW and white spring flowers were arranged on each side of the altar in St. James's, Spanish Place, for the marriage of Mr. Kenneth Pettit, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Pettit, and Miss Georgiana FitzGerald, daughter of Col. Sidney FitzGerald and Mrs. Arthur Wiggins. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very pretty as she walked up the long aisle in a lovely dress of white wild silk with a fitted bodice and full skirt. With it she wore a tulle veil held in place by a diamond tiara. Her four bridesmaids, Miss Janet Rutherford, Miss Jill Eddy, Miss Griselda Maxwell and Miss Judy Hedley wore short light blue taffeta dresses and blue net head-dresses.

Father A. de Zulueta officiated at the ceremony assisted by Father P. Casey. Among guests in the church I saw the Luxembourg Ambassador and Mme. Clasen, the latter looking very attractive in pale lime green, Sir Terence Nugent who escorted Lady Salisbury-Jones, Sir Derrick Gunston who sat next to Col. and Mrs. Towers Clark, the latter wearing a lovely mink coat over her black dress, and Lady Anne Fummi and her daughter Francesca who were sitting nearby.

The bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pettit, were over from Brussels for the wedding and other relatives in the church included the bride's mother, Mrs. Wiggins, her aunts, the Misses Winefred and Eileen FitzGerald, her uncle Mr. Dudley FitzGerald, her half-sister Mrs. Ian Johnstone with her husband, and Lady North with her daughter Dudleya. Godparents at the ceremony included Capt. Charles Moore, manager of the Queen's racing stables, Mrs. Arthur Gibbs and Mrs. Maturin Baird. I also saw Countess St. Aldwyn wearing a most becoming hat draped with shaded pink tulle, Mrs. David Coleridge, Lord and Lady Ellenborough, Mrs. Anthony Barclay and her daughter Clare,



Yevonde

Some of the débutantes whose gaiety and good looks are likely to make this an exceptional season, are seen here. Above is the Baroness Darcy de Knayth, who was presented at Buckingham Palace in March by her mother, Mrs. Derek Schreiber



Above, Miss Julie Joy Aikman
Below, Miss Susan Baring



Above, Miss Jane Rogerson
Below, Miss Jennifer Stratton

Yevonde

Harlip





MRS. DESMOND FORDE recently gave a cocktail party at Londonderry House for Miss Eveleigh Panter and Miss Sylvia Forde (above). Nearly 100 guests attended

Lady Barbara Gore, Miss Belinda Stent, Lady Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Eddy, Sir Philip and Lady Margetson, and Lady Gloria Flower in beige; she was sitting with Mr. and Mrs. David Drummond, the latter wearing the gayest little pale blue tulle hat with her black suit.

The reception was held at Londonderry House where the bride's uncle, Mr. Prescott Hedley, who has one of the most successful houses at Eton, proposed the health of the young couple who are for the next few years to make their home in Addis Ababa. I was not able to get to the reception as I had to go on to another wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

★ ★ ★

THE Swedish Ambassador and his lovely wife Mme. Hägglof were in a box at the Phoenix Theatre on the opening night of Mr. Graham Greene's powerful and brilliant drama *The Power And The Glory*. Paul Scofield gives a magnificent performance in the leading rôle, and has an excellent cast to support him. On the first night they got a wonderful reception from the audience which included many theatrical personalities. John Mills was there with his playwright wife Mary Hayley Bell, also Ernest Thesiger and Irene Browne. Mr. Cecil Madden was accompanied by his daughter Mardie who is working hard studying theatrical design. Another attractive young girl in the audience was the Hon. Fionn O'Neill who was with her mother Mrs. Ian Fleming. I also saw Rose Marchioness of Headfort.

★ ★ ★

ST. PAUL's, Knightsbridge, where Mr. Tony Hanbury Williams, only son of Sir John and Lady Hanbury Williams, was married to Miss Dinah Hartley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lister Hartley, was beautifully decorated with vases of white lilac and Easter lilies for the ceremony. The Dean of Windsor officiated, assisted by the Rev. D. B. Harris. Miss Hartley, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Christopher Hartley, looked lovely and radiantly happy. She was wearing a gown of white faille with a long train, and her short but very full tulle veil was held in place by a diamond tiara, while she carried a bouquet of white camellias and lilies of the valley. Her five bridesmaids, Miss Belinda Gold, Miss Belinda Brooks, Miss Sheena Barber, Miss Gill Wester and Miss Victoria Cannon, all pretty girls, wore most attractive dresses which, unlike most bridesmaids' dresses, will be useful to them for many months. They were short with very full skirts and made of hyacinth blue faille; with these they wore headbands of blue flowers and carried crescent-shaped bouquets of white carnations and blue hyacinths.

The reception was held at the Hyde Park Hotel where Mrs. Lister Hartley, looking charming in grey, received the guests with her son Mr. Christopher Hartley, and Sir John and Lady Hanbury Williams, the



Miss Caroline Hill, Mr. Neil Engert and Miss Diana Child



Sir Norman Gwatkin, Mr. Jolliffe and Miss Alice Jolliffe

Miss Elisabeth Durlacher and Mr. Toby Coghill



Miss Patricia Baring, Miss Evadne Gibbs and Mr. Simeon Bull



Van Hallan

latter very chic in blue and with a little pink feathered hat. Mr. Lister Hartley, the bride's father, who has been ill for some months, came to the reception for a short while, but stayed rather quietly in the outer reception room where friends went in to see him. The bridegroom's twin sisters, Princess Cantacuzene and Mrs. Brian Keeling, were both there with their husbands. Also his aunt Miss Gladys Hanbury Williams, who is the very charming and efficient Mayor of Windsor, his godparents, Mr. G. Richie with Mrs. Richie and the Hon. Mrs. Francis Davies with her husband.

OTHERS who had come to wish this very happy young couple good luck included the Argentinian Ambassador Señor Don Alberto Candioti, Signor Marinotti and his wife from Milan and their son and daughter-in-law, the bride's godmothers, Mrs. Claud Marzetti and her husband, and Mrs. Winifred Gladstone, also M. Viacava who is Economic Counsellor to the Argentine Republic in London, and his wife, Capt. and Mrs. McMaster, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gabbatt, Lady Keeling and several members of her family including Mr. John Keeling, who very kindly took a ciné film of the wedding and reception to send out to the bride's uncle and aunt Mr. D'Alkaine and Mrs. Larreta in the Argentine.

I also saw the Hon. Derek and Mrs. Moore-Brabazon, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slesinger, the latter wearing one of the new Paris hats in white with her black dress, Viscount and Viscountess Knollys, Sir Edward Crow, in tremendous form back from his cruise to South America, Major W. H. Mackenzie, Mrs. Barnard Hankey talking to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Pinckney, Mrs. Reginald Duthy, and Mr. Nicholas Eden, who was one of the very efficient group of ushers at the wedding. Other ushers included Mr. John Slesinger, Mr. Robin Cavendish, Mr. Peter Hordern, Mr. Brian Keeling and Mr. Nick Fraser.

Mr. Alec Hill, a very old friend of the bride's family, made a charming, brief and amusing speech proposing the health of the young couple who both radiated happiness, which one felt will continue through their married life.

The bride looked enchanting in a blue silk and wool dress and a little blue organza hat as they left for their honeymoon in Majorca. When they return, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Hanbury Williams will be making their home in Paris for a couple of years, as he is working out there.

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MRS. ELLSWORTH-JONES recently gave a most enjoyable cocktail party at Londonderry House for her débutante daughter Margaret, who is having her coming-out dance in the autumn. At the party Margaret, wearing a green taffeta dress, was in the gayest spirits and so genuinely enjoying her party. She was very busy introducing her young friends so that they also enjoyed it all. There were nearly 200 present who included Miss Annabel Drummond, a very good

looking girl who came with her mother Mrs. Quinnell, Miss Annabella Asquith, Miss Carlotta Horton, Countess Bunny Esterhazy, a gay and amusing girl who is having her coming-out dance at Claridge's in June, Miss Sally Hambro and Miss Christine Fairfax-Ross.

The young men at the party far outnumbered the girls. They included Mr. Peter Phillips, the Hon. Mark Fitzalan-Howard, Mr. Antony Wallace-Turner, Mr. Richard Rhys, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Mr. Ronald Lindsay, Mr. Henry Hoare and Mr. Philip de Laszlo; also Margaret's twelve-year-old brother Mr. William Ellsworth-Jones who, just back from school, was busily helping to entertain the guests.

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I WENT down to Sussex for the Chiddington and Leconfield Hunt point to point races which are always run over an excellent course in and around Tisman's Park, Rudgwick. There were not very big fields—an average of about six runners—but there were few falls and an exciting finish to nearly every race, ending with a dead heat in the final event. The first winner was Mrs. D. K. Price's nice hunter Shannon Breeze III ridden by Col. D. K. Price, whose father, Sir Keith Price, owns Tisman's Park. The next race was the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race which was won by Mr. Eric Savage's very useful point to pointer Newlands Prince very well ridden by Mrs. Savage whose sister, Miss Angela Covell, finished second on Lobau Lad.

Seven horses started in the Open Race for the Wisborough Challenge Cup. The winner was Cinderella Man ridden by Mr. R. M. Roberts, Mr. J. O'Donoghue's Mrs. McCooey was second, and third Mr. H. J. Longinotto's Statecraft, who did not have too much luck in the final run in, but was well ridden by Mr. Edward Cazlett who returned last month from the Canal Zone, where he was serving with the Welsh Guards.

A VERY cold wind was blowing and everyone was well wrapped up. Among those who had come to support the hunt and watch the racing were the Earl and Countess of Cottenham with their three very pretty daughters, Lady Marye White, Lady Davina Pepys and Lady Gillian Pepys, also their seven-year-old son and heir, Viscount Crowhurst, who was taking an exceptionally keen interest in the racing from the top of his father's wagon.

Nearby Lord and Lady Chesham had a family party and I met the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Berry with their young daughter, Caroline. Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson were both in the paddock to see their daughter Valda ride out to compete in the Ladies' Race. Others in the paddock were Lady Napier, who lives quite near at Billingshurst, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Wigham, the Hon. Mary Stopford, Miss Deirdre Child and her sister Diana, the Hon. Jean Hamilton, Mr. David Drummond with his wife in a brilliant yellow topcoat, and their two children, and Lord and Lady Lyle, who arrived after the first race; Lord Lyle, who is a J.P., had been sitting in a magistrate's court all the morning. The Hon. Langton and Mrs. Iliffe spent some of the time between races, like many other spectators, in their car out of the wind.

I met Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Glover, who were accompanied by their young son and daughter, John, who is at Harrow, and Anne who is at school at Bexhill and is already following in her parents' footsteps by playing lawn tennis very well for her age. Also Sir Giles and Lady Loder whose two young sons Edmund and Robert were busy trying to find the winners, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Nash who told me they have just sold their house at Rudgwick, Sir Adrian Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Duncanson, Mrs. Terry and her daughter Mary, Mr. Peter Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Miles Illingworth and Mr. and Mrs. Tony Tate and their young family.

★ ★ ★

MRS. JOHN WARD presided very efficiently at a recent committee meeting for the Eighth Pied Pipers' Ball which is to take place at the Hyde Park Hotel on May 10. This is once again in aid of the Chelsea Branch of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Countess Beatty is president of the ball, and helping Mrs. Ward are Mrs. Rupert De Zoete and the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston as deputy chairmen, and Lady Gibson and the Dowager Lady Grant as vice-chairmen. Also on the committee are plenty of young people including Lady Rose Bligh, the Hon. Diana Herbert, whom I saw at the meeting, Miss Carina Boyle, Miss Camilla Straight, Lady Philippa Wallop, Miss Teresa Crossley and Miss Camilla Roberts. This is always one of the gayest and most social charity balls of the London season. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. John Ward, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

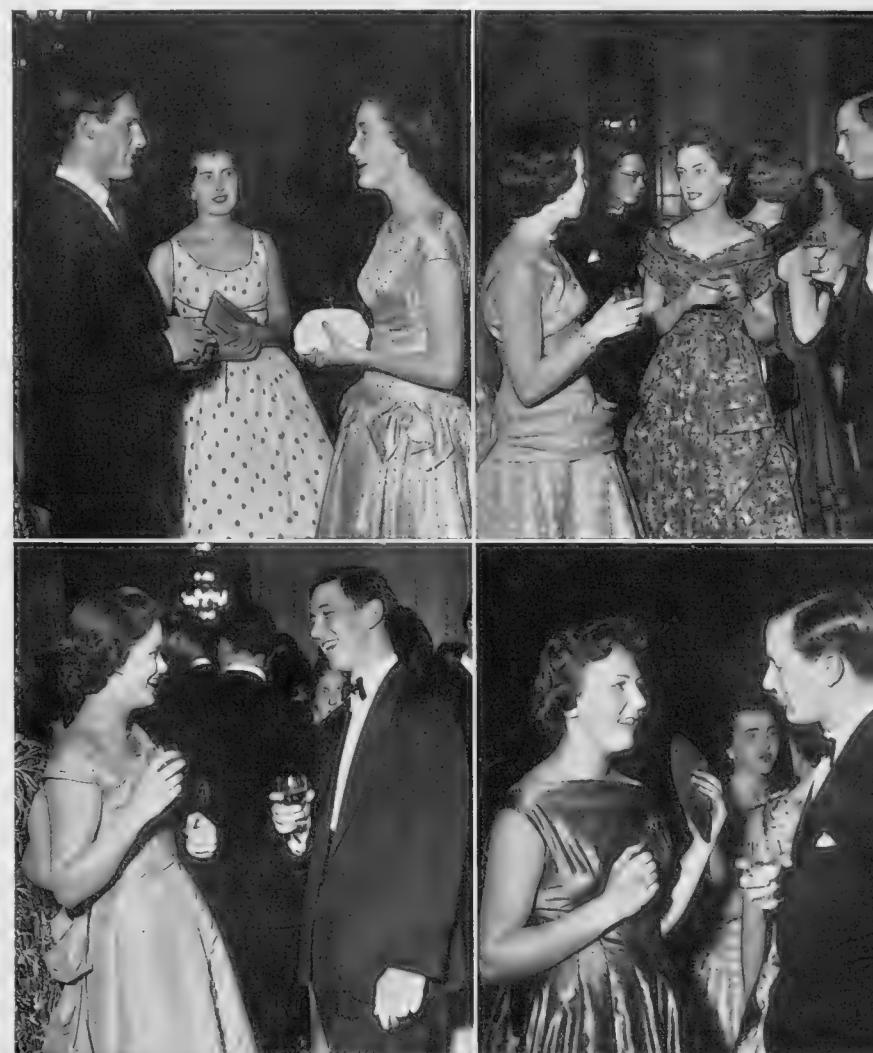
★ ★ ★

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent has promised to attend the preview of Noël Coward's new light comedy *South Sea Bubble* at the Lyric Theatre on April 24. This is being given to raise money for the Central School of Speech and Drama Golden Jubilee 1956 Fund. Vivien Leigh is playing the lead and it promises to be a very gay and amusing play. Tickets for the preview are to be had from Viscountess Kilmuir, Flat 3, 61 Harrington Gardens, S.W.7.



A cocktail dance given by Major Alexander and Lady Ann Elliot at the Hyde Park Hotel for their daughter Victoria proved a most popular form of gathering with the young guests. Above: the host, hostess and Miss V. Elliot

Capt. Simon Batt, with Miss Sarah Miss Patricia Baring, Miss Jenni Batt and Miss Ianthe Eley Anderson and Mr. Tom Snagg



A. V. Swaebe
Miss Evadne Gibbs and Mr. Court Miss Elisabeth Thierry-Mieg and Tony Boam

HAMPSHIRE MAJORITY

MRS. CHRISTOPHER FIRBANK gave a most enjoyable twenty-first birthday party for her son, Mr. Giles Firbank, at Hoplands, King's Somborne, which was attended by many of this season's débutantes



Mr. Giles Firbank, the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton-Black, Brig. J. I. Chrystall and Miss Belinda Firbank



Mr. Simon Firbank, Miss Nicolette Kindersley, Miss Cecilia Scott and Mr. Shaun Cleland



Miss Shaugh O'Brien and Mr. Giles Radice



Miss Beverley Halford and Mr. Robert Fellowes

Miss June Ducas and Mr. James Hill



Col. R. H. Walsh, Miss Belinda Firbank and Mr. Richard Fitzherbert-Brockholes



*Desmond O'Neill
Miss Jillian Wace and Mr. Richard Hickley*

Miss Jane Allday and Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling



Miss Sheila Peczenik and Capt. Richard Tatham



Mr. John Impey and Miss Diana Wagner



Mr. Jack Gore and Miss Christine Thorowgood

A party in Park Lane

MISS MARGARET ELLSWORTH-JONES had a cocktail party given for her at Londonderry House recently, attended by more than a hundred of her friends, most of them sister-débutantes and their escorts

Miss A. Drummond, Mr. E. Ellsworth-Jones and Miss A. Gillham were three more of the guests



Mrs. E. Ellsworth-Jones and her daughter Miss Margaret Ellsworth-Jones, who has a coming-out dance in October

The Hon. Susan Lever and the Hon. Mark Fitzalan-Howard

Mr. Graham Turner-Laing and Countess Bunny Esterhazy



Desmond O'Neill
Miss Gay Lawson and Mr. Anthony Wallace-Turner



Lord Grey and Miss Sara Stoneham



A State Ball in Buckingham Palace in 1848, when its architecture was just taking final shape. A State Ball is now a rarity, but when it occurs is still an occasion of unequalled magnificence

A GALLIMAUFRY OF GAMBOLES

• Peter Dickinson •

*When the earth's first dance was in progress, and
the couples chattered and swung
While the champagne foamed in the glasses and a
five-piece band gave tongue,
The hostess leaned on the banisters and sighed
from a satisfied heart—
Till the Devil whispered below the stairs "Yes, it's
novel, but is it Smart?"*

"FASHIONABLE, elegant, especially in a very high degree—1718," says the relevant section of my dictionary under "Smart," rather begging the question but hinting (especially if one takes into account Section I: "Pert, forward, impudent—1607") that extreme novelty is somehow not exactly smart. How then, if one is bringing out a daughter and wishes to give a dance for her, is one to make it different enough to be amusing and talked-about, and yet to avoid the imputation of being pert, forward and impudent?

Where, for instance, should one go? Naturally most of the dances in the Season are held at the five or six places designed for that sort of thing, the big hotels and places like Londonderry House; they are convenient, the staff and caterers know exactly what's wanted, there's plenty of room and so on. But there must be young men—those balding blond young men whose distinguishing features are a smile that flashes as readily as the light at a zebra crossing and the fact that they have been present at every dance in the last six seasons—who feel, each time they revolve round one of those floors, like ageing athletes entered in a dream marathon.

Where else is there? Curiously enough that nebulous figure whom one cannot help thinking of as the father of the bride may be of some use. Three years ago Lady Barry, Lady Manningham-Buller and Mrs. Oliver Barnet gave an extremely successful dance for their daughters in Middle Temple Hall; their husbands being—though in other ways, presumably, just as much dead-weight as any other father at a coming-out dance—lawyers. I feel it is a pity that they didn't accentuate the legal side of the function a little more, by, for instance, having their guests announced in the way that witnesses are called in court: "LORD AND LADY FURBELOW," "LORD AND LADY FURBELOW," "LORD AND LADY FURBELOW" in an echoing *diminuendo*. It would certainly have

been novel, but perhaps not smart. On the other hand if one is lucky enough to be able to use a place with a flavour of its own there is no harm in pointing it out.

LADY CAROLINE CHILD-VILLIERS's coming-out dance, for example, was held at the Spanish Embassy, by a typical kindness of the Ambassador; there were a couple of guitarists strolling on the terrace below the ballroom, and many of the details had a Spanish accent, varying from faint to pronounced.

In addition to its splendid setting this dance had everything that mothers dream of in the weary sennights before the season starts: Royalty, the innumerable twinkle of tiaras,



gaiety, originality, success. Since the war there have been two very good dances at the Swedish and Argentinian Embassies, though for obvious reasons Embassies are rarely used for this purpose. It is odd to note that in 1850 Lady Georgina Lygon, Lady Jane Fielding, Mlle. Olga de Lechner and Miss Berkeley danced the first set of the Lancers ever danced in an English ballroom at the Turkish Embassy.

THE trouble is that one's imagination tends to the places where, if one happened to be married to a dictator, one would hold one's daughters' coming-out dances. The Tower, now. Alas the authorities have refused countless heart-rending appeals. Hampton Court? Cardinal Wolsey once threw a sumptuous, if slightly uninhibited, party there, at which Henry VIII met Ann Boleyn; and more recently the Brigade of Guards held their Coronation Ball there, eclipsing, for those who went to it, every similar gaiety of the year.

There are endless other dreamed-of impossibles and for-lack-of-influence improbables: the Royal Academy, the Temperate House at Kew (with a temporary floor and notices saying "Don't touch the cacti"), Ham House, and so on. It would be fun to rent Waterloo Station for a night and have different sorts of music on different platforms, so that hockey-playing debes who enjoy stamping could sweat the Valeta out to their hearts' content on Platform 12, while their parents could really waltz—as only parents know how—elsewhere. Perhaps when the railways fall into complete desuetude....

But there are several unexplored possibles. One or two of the City Halls can be hired, and some of the others, if father is a member of the guild, might be obtainable. (The difficulty is that at most of them the servants work under an arrangement which makes it almost impossible for them to be paid for the extra time and work involved.) I went to a very pleasant wedding reception at the Surgeons' Hall in Lincolns Inn Fields, a lovely large modern room, ideal for dancing in; at any rate there would be plenty of surgical accent in the alarming seventeenth-century instruments of the profession which are scattered about in case in the corridors.

ALSO there is the growing fashion for using a boat on the river. Queen Elizabeth I did something rather similar to celebrate the victory over the Armada, and with a perfect night and a rather small party it could be very amusing, a triumphant justification of our lunatic national habit of gambling on the weather. The logical next step might be a party like the magnificent one which Carl Petersen gave on the Wilton Airship at the end of *The Final Count*: "It was the first time that I had ever been inside an airship and the thing that impressed me most was the spaciousness of everything—and the luxury."

"The lighting effect was superb; and in every corner great masses of hot-house flowers gave out a heavy scent. 'It's Eastern,' I said to Drummond, 'Oriental.' " They were ostensibly only going to see the Thames valley by moonlight, but were really off to raid the s.s. Megalithic; all Petersen's guests were to be poisoned, despite the fact that there was at least one duchess among them, and the object of the flowers was to disguise the peculiar odour of the poison. Thanks largely to Bulldog Drummond it didn't work out that way, but however novel the whole thing was it fell short of being quite what a party ought to be.

Sapper's notes on flowers and their uses brings me to another point: nearly all of the Season's dances have to be in the conventional places, but there is no reason why they should have the conventional decorations. Mrs. Massey Lyon's observation (*Etiquette*,



1927) that "Flowers, ferns, and smilax . . . , more and more beautiful in themselves and lavish in their distribution according to the importance of the dance, remain the one source of decoration . . ." seems unnecessarily despairing. Lady Howard de Walden has given two dances for her daughters at Hurlingham, and in each case achieved a feeling of difference, by arranging all the flowers herself and including in her decorative schemes oddments like bunches of bananas and cages of stuffed birds.

SIR HUGH CASSON put the frills on the dance that Lady Daphne Straight gave for her daughter at the Dorchester; they included a screen across one end of the ballroom with cunningly lit windows which gave one the impression of looking out on to a garden and aviary; there were little statues holding

flowers, black and gold pillars, all, so to speak, the doings.

Is all this worth it? The trouble, the time, and the expense?

CERTAINLY it's easier to do exactly the same as everyone else, but apart from the guests (especially the blond young men) there is a small group worth considering: the letter-writers, the diarists, even the journalists. "The Princess Amelia," wrote Horace Walpole in 1768, "made a superb ball, firework, and supper last Friday at her villa, Gunnersbury, at which I was. I do not tell you the particulars, because I think all those things are very much alike, and differ but in a few dishes, or a few crackers, more or less." How stodgy, thinks posterity, of Princess Amelia to give a mere superb ball! Could she not have done something a bit different?

A room in the Spanish Embassy. The hostess counts herself fortunate who can secure the use of one of these magnificent residences for a dance





Desmond O'Neill

Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn with the famous Foxhunter's successor, Aherlow

Windsor Olympians

At the Windsor Forest Stud the British Olympic show jumping team is being selected from Britain's leading riders and their horses, Lt.-Col. Talbot-Ponsonby being in charge of training. On the left, some of the riders are returning to the stables after morning practice



Mr. Wilf White on Nizefella, Lt.-Col. J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby and Lt.-Col. Llewellyn



Mr. Peter Robeson, reserve rider to the victorious 1952 team, jumping on Craven A

Miss Pat Smythe, another greatly fancied candidate, with her horse Flanagan



Miss Dawn Palethorpe with Mrs. Bryan Marshall, who rides frequently for Britain



Desmond O'Neill

A good day out at the South Oxfordshire point-to-point

Large fields turned out for all five races at Crowell and many of the enormous crowd of spectators had come from neighbouring hunts. Above: over the first fence in

the Open Race, Mr. J. Webber leads on the late Lord Bicester's Millpool, which came third, with Mr. P. Broome on Peter XIX who was second (extreme right)



Miss C. Weikersheim and Miss C. Roberts



Mr. E. Evans and huntsman Jim Stanley



Nicholas Ruck-Keene and Diana Budgett

Miss H. Crawley and Miss L. Roberts

Mr. H. S. Rubin, M.F.H., and Miss B. Packer

Mr. Kalmanson and Miss J. Crosland-Taylor





Houston Rogers

DAME NINETTE DE VALOIS, D.B.E.

The famous founder and director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet has recently been to Russia to arrange for the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet to visit Covent Garden in the summer, with its renowned ballerina Ulanova. In return the Sadler's Wells company will have a season in Moscow

Roundabout

Cyril Ray

MARSHAL BULGANIN and Mr. Khruschev are due to arrive this morning, despite Mr. Muggeridge. They planned the passage from Russia in the cruiser Ordzhonokidze, a brand-new ship of the same class as the Sverdlov, already familiar with British waters.

The old revolutionary after whom the cruiser is named was a boisterous, touchy, but magnanimous fellow-Georgian and comrade-in-arms of Stalin's—his fellow-conspirator in pre-revolutionary days; a fellow-prisoner in the custody of the Tsar's secret police; his ally in the struggle for party power in the 1920s.

What I find odd is that although Ordzhonokidze was bitterly opposed to Stalin's cruel and bitter trials and purges of 1937, and himself died suddenly and mysteriously in the course of them, yet it was Stalin that first gave his name to a

vessel of the Soviet Navy—a destroyer. It is since Stalin's death, in 1955, that the name has been promoted, as it were, from a destroyer to a cruiser. Why? Because, at the end, he opposed Stalin? But, if so, why had Stalin already honoured him? You pay your rouble and you take your choice. Stalin honoured him, publicly, as a friend, destroyer-strength; now Khrushchev honours him as a cruiser-weight enemy of Stalin's.

ON the eve of this Russian visit, 1956, I turned up what another Russian visitor, Alexander Ivanovitch Herzen, had thought of us, just over a century ago. "The English are as whimsical," he wrote, "in their relations with foreigners as they are in everything else; they rush on a new arrival as they do at a comic actor or an acrobat and give him no peace, but they

hardly disguise their sense of superiority and even a certain aversion they feel for them." Mr. Malenkov may endorse this.

IF two world wars have made nonsense of Herzen's assertion that "nowhere is there a crowd so numerous, so close-packed, so terrible as in London, and it never in any case knows how to form a queue"; I like to think that other observations of Herzen's are still valid, and that Mr. Khrushchev will notice, too, that "personal freedom is a cornerstone of English life . . . only possible when a policeman has no parental authority, when his intervention is reduced to passive readiness to come when he is summoned.

"Before I came to England," Herzen went on, "the appearance of a policeman in the house in which I lived gave me an

overwhelmingly nasty feeling, and morally I stood *en garde* against an enemy. In England, the policeman at your door only adds a feeling of security."

★ ★ ★

IT'S only at a weekend, or on a Bank Holiday, that you can stroll about the City of London with your head in the air, confident that there are few fellow-pedestrians to bump into, and fewer cars to run you over. And strolling about the City with your head in the air is an agreeably gentle, contemplative, half-idle occupation for a mild Sunday morning in the spring, and not without its happy little discoveries.

It was thus, the other day, for instance, that I saw that a family of birds—and who am I to identify them? Peter Scott?—had made their home inside the crown on the head of Henry VIII, over the Smithfield entrance to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Uneasy lies the crown that wears a nest . . .

Boys on dolphins are a fairly common statuary conceit, but on the cornice of one of the Smithfield Market buildings (the one with a tablet proclaiming that it was opened in 1888 by Sir Polydore de Keyser; I never knew before that we had had a Lord Mayor called Polydore), the dolphins are bitted and bridled, and the boys hold reins, and that, I think, is pretty out of the ordinary.

But the pleasantest discovery was that somebody has regilded the little figure of the fat boy—naked, save for an unnecessarily large fig leaf—who hugs himself, high on the corner of Cock Lane and Giltspur Street, over the historically inaccurate notice that this is where the Great Fire burned itself out. The fresh gilding caught the sun, the other morning, and one passer-by, at least, caught a gleam of the little boy's glee.

★ ★ ★

RECENTLY for the first time for ten years, I have been coming across Chilean wine again. My wine merchant sold me an agreeable red Cabernet which I have been drinking at home and, lunching at my club the other day, a neighbour was commending the white—actually a deepish gold—with which he was washing down a grilled sole. Both red and white are cheap and sound.

The cheapness is due, I suspect, to the low wages of the Chilean peasant; the soundness to the fact that wine has been grown on the Pacific slopes of the Andes ever since the Spanish Jesuit priests planted the vine there in the sixteenth century—bringing the potato to Europe in fair exchange.

Chile's wines are grown in the middle stretch of the country's immensely long, narrow strip of territory—a smiling region, very different from the northern desert and the southern glaciers, and not unlike the shores of the Mediterranean, for almond-trees and mimosa bloom there, between the snow-capped mountains and the sea. Wine is not only economically but politically important; at least one recent President of the Republic of Chile reached



CDR. RICHARD COLVILLE, C.V.O., D.S.C., R.N. (Retd.), is the bland and genial Press Secretary to the Queen, and previously to King George VI. In the difficult task of preserving a balance between the eager and understandable curiosity of the newspapers, and the necessity for a minimum privacy for Her Majesty and her family, he exercises admirable qualities of judgment or studied indifference, according to viewpoint. To be at once the "No" man to the Palace and its principal Press representative requires the skill of Solomon. He is a son of the late Admiral the Hon. Sir Stanley Colville

that eminence by way of being President of the Chilean Wine Growers' Association.

As is proper in a wine-growing country, there is good food, too, in Chile. Oysters and crab are especially well-spoken of. Sir Harry Luke, who has travelled as widely and eaten as adventurously as most men (and written admirably about both travel and table), recalls langoustes brought from Robinson Crusoe's island of Juan Fernandez, three hundred miles off the coast, to the Union Club at Santiago. These were served, by the way, with a mayonnaise that was "brownypink in colour and of a subtle, intriguing

CHORAL FOR SPRING

Where we by pipes of Pan were led
To worship Psyche, now instead—
Presaged by bloated bank rate—hear
Discord defile the vernal year.

The plaint of pundit ponderously
Exhorts us to austerity;
The City, fulminating, sees
Inflation's face in credit freeze;
The Chancellor, anxious to impress
Us with the pound's precariousness,
Pandora-like, within his box
Hope—and preposterous evils—locks;
While we, once acolytes of Spring,
Bare bosom to the Budget's sting.

—Jean Stanger

flavour," Sir Harry recalls. Adding that careful inquiries elicited that it was a mayonnaise made in the ordinary way, but with a little Pan Yan pickle worked into it. "As simple as that," he says, "and very good." My own opinion is that a classic mayonnaise is not to be messed about with; Sir Harry's could have been even simpler—and better still.

★ ★ ★

THE woman president of the National Union of Teachers' Conference, welcoming the Queen Mother to Blackpool, described it as "perhaps boisterous and at times gaudy, but a very warm-hearted town." One of the most dignified of morning newspapers, next day, misreported "gaudy" as "bawdy," but it wasn't this that took me to Blackpool: I was travelling in those parts, and had a luncheon engagement there.

But I couldn't help recalling and relishing the misquotation when I walked along the stretch of the Central Promenade that afternoon, which is known as the "Golden Mile"—a comment on the fortunes reputed to be made there out of the rock shops and the ice-cream stalls; the booths selling hamburgers or hot dogs or horoscopes; and the shops devoted to rubber fried-eggs, illuminated bow ties and collapsible teaspoons.

FOR there are three side-show theatres dedicated to the late Mr. Ernest Bevin's belief that all French art is deliciously and deliriously naughty. "La Montmartre" and "Le Moulin Rouge" hadn't yet opened for the season, but "Oo, la, la! The 19-Fifty-Six Girl Show" had stolen a march: a rather depressed looking barker was not so much barking as confiding to a hand microphone that this was a cheeky, cheeky show for cheeky, cheeky people, and inscribed over the pay-box was the tempting legend, in the naughtiest of languages, "Entrez Ici."

Let my readers be not alarmed, though. England is England still. The side-shows may advertise as alluringly as they can (a little less certain of their English spelling than of their French idioms) their troops of *lucious* girls, but no visitor to Blackpool, whether from France, or the Soviet Union, or outer space, may drink the smallest glass of the lightest wine after half-past ten at night. And the posters that sweep you into the entrance to the Central Pier advertise, all in the same size of type—in the same breath, as it were—minerals, ices, tea, coffee and herb pills.

★ ★ ★

I WAS at the dinner of the Crime Writers' Association the other evening at which the award for the best British crime novel of 1955 was awarded to Winston Graham's *The Little Walls*. The award turned out to be a shield-shaped trophy on which the whimsical device was enamelled of red herrings, crossed—a tribute to the ingenuity of the practitioners of the craft. I couldn't help feeling that it would have been a greater tribute still if they had been double-crossed.



Miss Jenny Lucas and Mr. Ben Mackworth-Praed dancing the Gay Gordons

Victor Yorke



Miss D. Paris, ball organizer, and Col. G. Meyrick



Lady Meyrick and Sir George Meyrick, Bt.

Miss Patricia Richardson, Miss J. Spry, Mr. J. Ashby and Sub-Lt. A. Nelson, R.N.

New Forest followers toast retiring Master

THE annual hunt ball of the New Forest hounds marked the occasion of the retirement, after twenty-seven years, of the Master, Sir George Meyrick, Bt., and also that of Major P. P. Curtis, their hard-working secretary for many years. The ball was held at the New Forest Hall, Brockenhurst, and dancing went on until 4 a.m.





Mrs Marea Griffith with Mr. Nicholas Vivian

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald and Miss Belinda Burr

Capt. P. Greenwell and Miss V. Summer

An aerial view of the Eightsome Reel being danced during the evening



Mr. David Glennie and Miss Susan Lacy

Mrs Jennifer Hill and Lt. Michael Stanley, A.E.R.



At the Theatre

A SOUL IN TORMENT

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

THERE are plays which refuse perversely to grow up. They hold the audience expectant throughout the evening and tend by withholding whatever has been expected. *The Family Reunion* of Mr. Eliot is one; the adaptation at the Phoenix of Mr. Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory*, I fear, is another. While it never ceases to interest it hardly ever excites. Mind and heart are worked into a state of readiness; at curtain fall they are still untouched.

In a narrow theatrical sense it can be said that Mr. Denis Cannan and M. Pierre Bost do remarkably well by the novel. They are not tied slavishly to the author's dialogue, and the opening scene in the seedy dentist's surgery, which is entirely of their own arranging, admirably sets in motion the story of the Catholic priest who is a fugitive at large in Communist Mexico.

It neatly establishes the priest as a whisky addict. It makes it clear that, glad as he would be to abandon a mission which puts him in abject terror of the firing squad, he voluntarily misses the boat in order to administer the sacrament to a dying Catholic, even though he suspects that the appeal comes from a man who is not really dying. The almost wordless scene that follows is perhaps the best in the play. It shows the bad priest saying the mass with a cracked cup for chalice to a congregation of persecuted people for whom the proscribed rites are a deep spiritual need. Half-way through the adapters begin to get into difficulties. The priest's life is saved by his bastard daughter, but his attitude to this child evinces more parental pride than shame in the sin of her begetting or concern about her dubious future. Without a strong sense of sin, without a real conviction of his own damnation, will the hunted priest be anything more than a natural coward who manages at the last moment to screw up what remains of his courage to the sticking point?

This is exactly what happens. A scene is given wastefully up to the episode of the wine he badly needs for his sacred office being drunk by the



THE POWER AND THE GLORY. (Left) The lieutenant of police (Harry H. Corbett), a fundamentally humane man who hopes his now godless state will be a heaven on earth, and the priest (Paul Scofield), who being tormented by alcohol and his own cowardice, will not desert his calling. (Below) Mestizo (Robert Marsden) supplies the wine while the Chief of Police (Roger Delgado) and the Governor's cousin (Willoughby Goddard) drink to the success of their bloody enterprise

rascals who have extorted his last coin in payment for it, and he comes to the crucial prison scene in which he startlingly confesses his identity without the wearing down of nerves having been suggested. The play's outward tension is roughly broken by the priest's arrogant behaviour once he has crossed the border, and his return to face the martyrdom that he dreads only repeats the opening scene in which he voluntarily misses the boat. His self-justification to his not unfriendly captor is touched with a rather forbidding smugness. A political party, he maintains, cannot afford to have bad men in it, "but it would not matter to the Church if all priests were as bad as I."

No serious attempt has, in fact, been made by the adapters to catch the novel's inner tension which depends on the priest's humble recognition of his own moral frailty which goes with an implicit belief in the efficacy of his sacred office. It is this humility which makes Mr. Greene's priest a slightly comic, infinitely pathetic and intensely human person; but the priest of this play, as Mr. Paul Scofield skilfully represents him, is a dry, tetchy, somewhat arrogant little man, forced by a sense of duty to subdue his natural cowardice. An interesting, but not a very touching figure. The burden of the acting falls on Mr. Scofield almost entirely, with Mr. Harry H. Corbett doing a good job as the lieutenant of police and Mr. Peter Brook supporting them both with a production which, no doubt wisely, prefers the picturesque to the sordid.





André Morell as Capt. Edward Fairfax Vere.
The action is set aboard a ship of the line in 1798



Kevin MacDonnell

Seventy-nine year old Norman Macowan
plays "The Dansker," an old seadog



Villainous John Clagger, the Master-at-Arms
(Leo McKern), who is killed by Budd

Nelsonian melodrama

"*THE GOOD SAILOR*" (Lyric, Hammer-smith) is a powerful dramatic adaptation of Herman Melville's novel "*Billy Budd*." Below, the ship's bully Jenkins (Bernard Bresslaw) threatens the new hand Billy (Philip Bond), watched by Payne (Clifton Jones) and Kincaid (Anthony Sagar, right)





A. V. Swaebe
Lt.-Col. Humphrey Tyldesley-Jones, the Commanding Officer, and Mrs. Tyldesley-Jones



Capt. and Mrs. B. V. Payne

A YEOMANRY DANCE

THE first postwar dance of the 298 (Surrey Yeomanry, Queen Mary's Regiment) Field Regiment, R.A., T.A., was held at 6 Stanhope Gate, W.1. The 250 guests who attended were received by the C.O., Lt.-Col. H. Tyldesley-Jones and his wife, and the guest of honour was Major-Gen. Robert King



Col. Sir Ralph Clarke, M.F.H., and Mrs. Peter Trehearne



Brig. J. E. F. Linton sitting with Mrs. Linton



Mrs. J. Lawrence and Major-Gen. Robert King

Lt. M. G. W. Williams, Miss Diana Hatchwell and Mr. and Mrs. James McGougan

Miss J. Burn, Mrs. David Orr, Major S. D. Lucas and Major D. B. Rolleston were others there





YVONNE DE CARLO

ONE of the two leading ladies in *Magic Fire*, the film of Wagner's life, is Yvonne de Carlo, an actress who can always be relied upon to give a volatile and spirited performance. She is Canadian by birth and was born in Vancouver. Originally intending to be a dancer, she trained from the age of six, but after leaving school went straight to Hollywood. However, it was not until Walter Wanger cast her as the dancer in *Salome*, *Where*

She Danced, that she attracted considerable attention. Other successes have been in *Hotel Sahara*, *The Captain's Paradise* and *The Flame Of The Islands* in which it was discovered that she had a most attractive singing voice. A spirited personality off the films as well as on them, Miss de Carlo enjoys driving fast cars and riding. She loves travelling and is an excellent amateur photographer, also collects porcelain, old paintings and maps. Last year she married stunt man Bob Morgan, after having been Hollywood's most confirmed bachelor girl. Her next film is Cecil B. de Mille's *The Ten Commandments*.

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LADIES PLAYED MEN AT GOLF IN DORSET

A STRONG all-ladies team of international and county players led by Miss Jeanne Bisgood, former British Ladies Golf Champion, met the Hazard Golfing Society for a stirring match at Broadstone, Dorset. The ladies took the foursomes in the morning by three matches to one, but the Hazards squared in the afternoon by winning the singles at three matches to five. Left: A tense moment on one of the greens, showing the beautiful setting of this perfect, undulating and tricky, natural course



Mr. R. Southcombe, Mrs. Pat Crow, Miss Alexander, Mr. Ken Allin at the second tee. The ladies won this match one up



Mr. D. Otway, Mrs. Stuart Smith, Mrs. J. Cooper and Mr. K. Bicknell. The men won this match by five and three. It was their only foursome victory

Mr. Peter Courtenay, Mrs. Mary Tice, Mrs. Phyllis Glossop and Mrs. Robert Newton were among the spectators who came to watch these thrilling matches



Mrs. S. James, Mr. Geoffrey Tice, who is Chairman of the Broadstone Club, Mr. A. C. Budd, Miss Beryl Lowe and Mr. R. E. Garrett. The ladies won this match two and one





Betty Swaebe

MR. AND MRS. TERENCE WELDON strolling in the Quai des Tuileries. Mr. Weldon is a brother of Sir Anthony Weldon, Bt., and Mrs. Weldon, who is French-born, is the daughter of M. and Mme. Armand Philippon, of Aix-en-Provence

Priscilla in Paris

MONTH OF PRODIGIES

THERE is a funny little publet-tea-place where certain pen-pushers and type-pounds of the Left Bank forgather. "Publet" because although the place has no licence, the cup that cheers really does cheer if one is given to liking it that way. Personally, I prefer the ordinary brew; good and hot and strong (and even sweet) when I am a little weary, my nose is shiny and I have lost the right hand of a brand new pair of expensive gloves.

The elderly couple who run the place sell groceries, second-hand books and anything else that comes their way. The man also "goes out." He cleans silver and awkward windows with equal success. She, although from . . . well, not this side of the Channel, is an excellent cook; her Irish stew beats any *miroton* that Prosper Montagné ever sponsored, and on Good Friday I almost wept over her hot cross buns; it was years since I had met one! Expecting a young visitor from England

shortly I had popped into her cosy kitchen to ask her to remind me how one prepared porridge. My faithful Josephine has never known and I have forgotten! I ran into half a dozen cronies who also were being regaled. They had been enjoying a holiday and were saying how difficult it is to pick up a pen or take the cover off the typewriter after one has been thoroughly lazy for several weeks.

"WHEN one has *too much* to write about one hardly knows what to write about!" said one young person—a newcomer—sententiously. We looked down our noses at her but we knew that she was right. After summing up the week's round it is usually the little things one recalls rather than the important ones.

This inspired us to play a paper-and-pencil game. We were to take three minutes to make a list of the happenings—all allusions to weather conditions being barred—that we remembered best during the last month.

Here are some of them:

Mme. Gabrielle Dorziat, who can boast of her eightieth birthday, presenting her horse, *en haute école*, at the Gala de l'Union des Artistes and looking a mere, youthful forty.

Bernard Buffet's portrait-group of the ten members of the Goncourt Academy in which one can hardly distinguish Francis Carco, stumpy and stout, from Phillip Herriat, lean and lanky. If ever Buffet puts his elegant Rolls-Royce into one of his pictures he will make it look like a pre-14-18 Ford. (Query: When does a portrait become defamatory?)

The death of that very charming person, the Comte Etienne de Beaumont who had intended to go to the Noailles fancy dress ball as the Baron de Charlus. He died suddenly on his return from the varnishing day show of the late Comtesse Anna de Noailles's pastels. For almost half a century his parties have been the talk of Paris. At one of them I heard him murmur, after having greeted hundreds of guests, "I wonder if there will be as many people at my funeral?" There were . . . in thought at all events.

The portrait of Pablo Picasso by Edouard MacAvoy at the Galliera. (Same query as for Buffet.)

SURPRISE strike of the stage hands at the Grand Opera House that prevented the *corps de ballet* from appearing.

Surprise bus strike that prevented workers from getting to their work.

Surprise ground strike at Orly that prevented everybody from getting anywhere.

Surprise strike of museum attendants at the Palace of the Louvre that prevented Easter visitors from admiring some of the greatest treasures of France.

The death of the grand old composer Gustave Charpentier at the age of ninety-six. His famous opera, *Louise*, had been played that same week for the 994th time.

Two lists mentioned the new mannequins who are to make *haute couture* history: "Georgie" at Dior's, nineteen-year-old American, married to a Frenchman. "Marie-Laure" at Jean Dessès, a Parisienne who loves two things: her liberty and her painting. "Olga" at Jacques Fath's, born at Santiago and at one time a student at the Sorbonne.

MANY lists condemned the hideosity of the hats we are expected to wear this spring. All of them had something happy to say about the heart-warming charm of the Queen Mother's gracious smiles when the Parisian crowds gathered to cheer her during her all-too-short visit to their city.

Nobody, it may be noticed, mentioned politics, Northern Africa or . . . Sacha Guitry.

My own most felicitous moment was when I was able to show this beautiful city in its most dreamlike, floodlit, silver guise to a beloved friend who had not seen it before, but this, of course, is hardly news unless I add that every Saturday and Sunday evening the same gorgeous, free show takes place.

The revival of Jean Cocteau's remarkable poison-pen play, *La Machine à Écrire*, at the Comédie Française (Salle Luxembourg) is playing to full houses; but I am not sure whether it is the brilliant writing of the play, the fine acting of the *comédiens français*, the expressive décor of Mme. Suzanne Lalique or the horrifically grand-guignolesque portrayal of an epileptic fit by Robert Hirsch, that is the main attraction?

Ca change plus . . .

• New taxes? Nonsense! The same old ones but they have grown so greatly that one does not recognize them!



F. J. Goodman

A portrait from Ceylon: Mrs. Villiers Bergne

THE BEAUTIFUL WIFE of Mr. Villiers Bergne is seen here in the exotic grounds of Mount Lavinia, Colombo, one of the island's most fashionable resorts. She is wearing an exquisite dress of Chinese cotton designed by herself—one of the most elegant and best dressed women in Ceylon, she designs many of her own clothes. Her husband is with an industrial

concern in Ceylon, and they will be returning to this country in June this year. The Villiers Bergnes have two small children, a boy and a girl. Mrs. Bergne is the daughter of Sir Alexander Maxwell, K.C.M.G., and Lady Maxwell. Sir Alexander, who is the noted tobacco authority, is also a former chairman of the British Travel and Holidays Association



Going across country at Stowell Park horse trials

Above: Mr. D. Wood riding Wool Pack out of water, bank and rails. Below: Miss Willcox takes her horse High and Mighty over a fence and wall

Above: Capt. M. Naylor-Leyland riding Mr. E. E. Marsh's Hunt the Slipper. Below: Miss A. Drummond-Hay, of Perthshire, riding her horse Trident



At the Races

SNAKES ALIVE

THERE are no racing snakes as there are racing horses, though I am informed that some of the breed go racing, and some of the real ones have almost as much pace as a horse, the King Cobra for instance; so perhaps it is not fitting to talk about them in a column like this, which is supposed to be dedicated to things on four legs; but I see that someone has made a marvellous discovery about cobras namely that they "mew" and also some "crow like a cock." I think, therefore, that it behoves anyone who has had any contact with these most abominable things to speak up and say what he knows.

I did not hear the cobra with which I had such an unexpected *rencontre* making any remark, good, bad or indifferent, because, probably, I gave him no time. It happened when I was staying in a big bungalow in the wilds of Behar (India) and I went into the capacious bathroom, and saw him wriggling on a thing called a "gin mill" (nothing to do with drink as the name may suggest, but a sort of Venetian blind).

As I was in the kit usually worn by bathers it did not seem to suit the occasion, and so was rather defenceless. I did not stop to find out whether this thing could even bray, but raised all the Cain I could. The alarmed household collected all the sticks and bludgeons it could and laid him out cold. He taped over eight feet, so he was quite grown up. I never liked snakes and this confirmed my antipathy.

Naturally the Royal victory in the Two Thousand Guineas Trial was extremely popular, and may have made up in some respects for that Royal defeat in the National. Let us hope that High Veldt will go on and prosper and win the classics in which he is engaged.

It is to be feared, however, that a good deal of money went amiss by the defeat of Rustam, who was a piping hot favourite. So many owners, particularly the Aga Khan, appear to be very fond of naming their horses after the heroes of Persian mythology—Bahram for instance. In Fitzgerald's Rubaiyat, which he called *The*



Sabretache

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám, which most emphatically it is not, occurs the line "Let Rustam lay about him as he will." Fitzgerald prefers the phonetic spelling, but Lady Wyfold has spelt it correctly. Rustam was the Persian Hercules, and, let us hope that this colt may eventually prove to be one. I am sure that his backers will get their money back sooner or later, because he looks very much the goods.

THERE would seem to be a bit of a contest, or at any rate divergence of opinion, as to who Kipling's "Strickland Sahib" actually was, and it has brought some interesting letters to my Editor, and obliquely to myself, because it was originally evoked by a note in this column. The latest comes from Mrs. Audrey North, who lives in Kenya, and who is a granddaughter of John Paul Warburton. My correspondent writes: "Strickland Sahib, the Sherlock Holmes of India, was not the Warburton who was the famous Political Agent of the Khyber Pass. In fact he was not a Warburton at all but an Afghan. His mother, a lady famous for her wealth and beauty, was a relative of Shah Shujah, King of Kabul, and was married to one Sirdar Faiz Talab Khan, a high official in the Amir's service. It was during the occupation of Kabul by the British that this lady and her son were abducted by a young ensign of Artillery

"I am the granddaughter of John Paul Warburton, and I have a photograph of my great grandmother, the Afghan lady, with one of her slave girls and I also have some of her clothes, the full trousers and little embroidered jackets, etc. When she was escaping from the vengeance of the Afghans she never wore European clothes!"

I think this was very wise of her, because in those times, and possibly even today, they have very awkward ways with ladies who do not love their Lords.



Charles C. Fennell

IRELAND'S OWN "NATIONAL"

THE Irish Grand National at Fairyhouse, Co. Meath, was won by Air Prince with T. O'Brien up. Left: Hubert McClintock is seen leading in his mother's horse after this very exciting race



Major C. Hall, manager of the Aga Khan's Irish studs, with his younger daughter Susan



Mr. Tom Cooper and Miss Valerie Beamish,
the point-to-point rider, from Co. Cork



Lt.-Col. Charles Mitchell, the owner, and
Mrs. Victor McCalmont from Co. Kilkenny



Mrs. A. M. Stewart was with her daughter,
Lady Clark, wife of Sir George Clark, Bt.

Mr. Oswell and the Hon. Mrs. King, daughter of Lord Annaly

Mr. David Verney, the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Verney and Miss Sarah Walford



Music men of Mayfair

• ROBERT TREDDINNICK •



Ian Stewart

THE mechanics of the 1956 London Season, already geared up to the point of straining at the leash, will become in less than a flash (so it will seem) no more than another memory of the social round. But before the reality of the current season has faded into oblivion it is well to pause and appraise the value of this or any other season in relation to dancing.

There was a time, within the living memory of many, when dancing or dining in any public place was absolutely taboo.

That this attitude has changed is, in the main, due to the connivance of the economists. And while it is now an accepted convention to meet friends and intimates dancing and dining in some public place without loss of social prestige, there is still an unwritten law as to the type of place where participation in such innocent amusement does not stamp one at once as being entirely déclassé.

The chic rendezvous of twenty-five, ten, or even five years ago practically no longer exists.

Still there remains a handful of places that can be regarded as the last bastions for the hereditary socialite in London. Here at any rate the "riff" will be spotted with the "raff" and treated accordingly.

Into this category fall the Savoy, the Berkeley, Quaglino's and the Allegro, the 400, the Milroy, and Edmundo Ros's Club, making a select baker's half-dozen in none of which will the visiting clientèle experience the feeling of being like ducks without water.

And to the top seven in any city there will always be a short list of runners-up; it is that erstwhile playground of the *haute monde*, the Café de Paris, that heads this list in present-day London.

At the Savoy, the late Carroll Gibbons's place has been taken by the personable Ian Stewart, and it is only to be expected that his band should follow very closely the style and instrumentation of that of his predecessor.

Sharing the Savoy bandstand now is the talented Franco Cavez and his Latin American style music, a most appropriate successor to Geraldo and Roberto Inglez who preceded him.

The Berkeley, that niche in Piccadilly which still keeps up more than a modicum of social poise, presents Tommy Wolf with a band that is entirely right for its surroundings.

Quaglino's and the Allegro both offer the same effectively contrasting music for the pleasure of their legion of patrons. That with a Continental Viennese appeal is provided with authenticity by Tibor Kunstler and his musicians, while the genial maestro Tim Clayton dispenses his own special brand of dance rhythms that discreetly set the pace for debes, dowagers and their male counterparts alike.

Of the late dance spots the 400 still produces an aura of ultimate exclusiveness, aided and abetted by the dulcet tones of Maurice Smart.

Paul Adam makes merry at the Milroy, at Edmundo Ros's Club music is provided by the elegiac Edmundo himself. It is perhaps a little strange that the doyen of dance band leaders, Ambrose, should be found at the re-fashioned Café de Paris. During the last twenty-five years, Ambrose alone has remained socially *au fait* in the scale of dance band leaders. The May Fair, the Embassy, Ciro's, have all known what it has meant for dance music to be played by Ambrose and his Orchestra,



Tim Clayton

and though he has always made a point of playing regularly in the West End, he is one of the dance band leaders for whose services at private parties there has always been a big demand.

Today undoubtedly Tommy Kinsman is the busiest dance band leader in the private social function stakes. Unlike Ambrose he makes a point of only playing for private parties. His success, and indeed the eventual success of any dance band leader catering for the élite or near-élite, is based on the ability to play the right tunes at the right time and at a tempo that makes everyone feel the urge to take the floor.



H. Schwarz



Goodwood Motor Racing

THE motor racing season opened at Goodwood with a battle between Stirling Moss in a Maserati and Mike Hawthorn in a B.R.M., which overturned, leaving Moss the winner. Above: Mr. and Mrs. John Keeling



The Earl of Northesk with his Jaguar XK120 which he drove in the Production Sports Scratch Race



Lady Selsdon and her niece Joanna Kerr were among the party in the Duke of Richmond's enclosure



Miss Angela Chaplin and the Hon. Petrina Mitchell-Thomson, daughter of Lady Selsdon. Below: Mr. John Ching and Lord Ebury in his E.R.A. which he was racing



*Desmond O'Neill
The Marchioness Camden and her son Lord Michael Pratt were watching the racing*





Dorothy Wilding

ENID BAGNOLD, whose original and arresting play *The Chalk Garden* opened at the Haymarket on the eleventh of this month, with Edith Evans and Peggy Ashcroft, is the wife of Sir Roderick Jones, K.B.E.

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

SMALL ISLAND—BIG NOVEL

ALEC WAUGH'S ISLAND IN THE SUN (Cassell, 16s.) has a jacket like a seductive travel brochure. Dazzling sands, deep-azure ocean, palm trees—nothing is missing. Skip winter, seek the blue Caribbean! Many might wish to, many cannot. But thither, I promise, one is transported by the magic wand-wave of Mr. Waugh's pen.

This is a particularly enormous novel about a particularly small West Indian island—Santa Marta: small sister, the blurb tells us, of Jamaica and Bermuda. We have a cross-section of Santa Marta society, colourful in more than one sense, and an inside view of Government House problems.

Is this a case of "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile?" Far from it. The "sugar barons" (as a local agitator austere calls them) are an engaging company, and the *affaires de cœur* of the young set at once command us. Caribbean moonlight adds a further headiness to romance. Though there are not, as does happen on islands, quite enough young men to go round. The arrival of Euan Templeton, the Governor's son, is therefore something of an event. And Euan, but lately out of the army and fresh from the white-womanless Canal Zone, is known to be fancy free. Not so the Governor's A.D.C., given to writing highbrow poetry.

Interest centres around a young married couple, the Maxwell Fleurys—Sylvia looks

like regretting her lost freedom. Maxwell is subject to insane jealousy; till, due to a startling discovery and a violent episode, the two find one another as lovers.... But I should be unjust if I gave the impression that sex was this novel's outstanding theme. It is one of several—all most capably interwoven.

FOR Santa Marta is at a crisis in her affairs. A new constitution has been introduced, and the new Governor is to steer it—the more you find you can talk in cricketing terms, the better, he has been told in Whitehall. Communism is looking round for a footing; national grievance finds outlet in labour troubles, strikes, riots, burning of canefields. A resident, after two or three at the club, is so rash as to say to an American that he (and with him, all the white Santa Martians) is aware that he sits on a keg of dynamite.

Thereafter, it need hardly be said, the island becomes subject to the attentions of a nosy American journalist, one Bradshaw. (*Why no one kicked Bradshaw downstairs I was never clear.*) Bradshaw's hot news Santa Marta articles not only enrapture his American public but are reprinted

in the Santa Marta daily. And how agreeable that makes everything for everybody, under the already sufficiently tense conditions you may imagine. His widely broadcast discovery that one of the leading British planter families on the island has coloured blood is socially annoying—still, that's enough.

MR. WAUGH's clement attitude to the frightful Bradshaw may be accounted for by the fact that *Island In The Sun* appears to be—or am I wrong, is it not?—decidedly a novel about the British for American consumption. By this, I do not mean that it is unfriendly—Alec Waugh, after all, is British himself—but it is decidedly dramatized. We are wrong in thinking that our American relatives dislike us: the worst they are prone to suffer from are embitterments due to thwarted curiosity. This curiosity (which, after all, is cousinly) Mr. Waugh generously un-thwarts. What the British are up to in their spheres of activity (let us not forget and call these the Empire) is an obsessive mystery for a lot of Americans. And principally, excellent people are agog to know how we are coping with the Colour Problem.

The Colour Problem is far from absent from *Island In The Sun*. This is a jolly good, in fact one might say a spell-binding, novel in its own right. But I doubt whether its jolly-goodness, though striking, would be enough to account for *Island In The Sun's* sensational pre-publication history in the U.S.A. It has been the choice of a mammoth book society; one of the major Hollywood companies has emerged victor from what I understand to have been a titanic battle for the film rights. This novel is clearly going to Tell America. Therefore I think that, even apart from its obvious and enjoyable readability, you and I ought to read it. It is just as well to know what is being said.

★ ★ ★

NO COWARD SOUL, by Noël Adeney (Hogarth Press, 13s. 6d.), is a novel in a very different vein. This is the story, told in the first person, of a middle-aged, happily married woman's friendship with a young male genius. The trouble is that genius is an attribute exceedingly difficult to convey, and though I honour the author for her attempt I cannot feel she has succeeded in picturing Merton Hughes as anything but tricky, greedy and disagreeable.

True, the young man's existence is complicated by one appalling factor—not only has he been crippled by a railway accident but he is subject to bouts of tormenting pain. The stress in Mrs. Adeney's novel is placed on Merton's courage, his taut endurance. But beyond that the poet-musician is given little to show. Two other middle-aged ladies who had been admitted to his friendship died, and one really wonders that the "I" of *No Coward Soul* survives. How could a lady tolerate a young man who speaks of a thing as being "very un-me"? And I felt gloomily certain, as the story proceeded, that the wrecker Gina should have been Gino.... The writing is temperate, sensitive and admirable.

★ ★ ★

MICHAEL INNES's new detective story, OLD HALL, NEW HALL (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.), is as a detective story something of a sell—there is no murder in it; in fact so far as I could make out no crime at all. As a story it is a success, in its bizarre and wholly personal Innes way. Though I must say I did wish so much of the action had



not taken place in the far-off past. As to Miss Sophia Jory, whose lengthy disinterred letters throw light on happenings long ago, I soon felt she had delighted us long enough.

The cosy classic detective story convention demands the finding of a corpse in the library. Mr. Innes from time to time makes me restive: he gives one not enough corpse and too much library.

★ ★ ★

LONG have I been searching for the ideal wild flower book, at once illuminating and fool-proof. COLLINS POCKET GUIDE TO WILD FLOWERS (Collins, 25s.) looks like filling the bill. One would need a pretty big pocket to put it in, otherwise I can find not a single fault with it. You identify your flower by the simple device of looking for it in the sequence of colour plates allotted to its particular colour—pink or red, blue, purple, yellow, and so on. Having matched up your flower with its picture, you are guided on by the number the picture carries to the relevant informative printed paragraph. Or, if you have heard a flower name but don't know what the flower in question looks like, you turn first to the index, which will direct you to the information, and via that to the picture.

The authors are David McClintock, T.D., M.A., F.L.S., and R. S. R. Fitter. The colour illustrations (exceedingly lovely as well as accurate) have been the work of as many as seven artists: if you marvel at the size of the team required, grasp that six hundred flowers have had to be drawn and painted! In addition, the green and white, seven hundred more, have been depicted in line drawings. There are also sketches and diagrams.

All these grow in the British Isles—some are regional, some special to small localities (which are given: the outfit includes a map). Trees, shrubs, ferns, grasses and sedges are included. The rare are starred, rarest three- or four-starred, which should give particular joy to finding them.

I can think of few better ways of getting through winter than storing up flower knowledge for spring and summer. Any family with country habits and any sense should forthwith lay in *Collins Pocket Guide To Wild Flowers*. It's a book which should do well on any level: even the advanced botanist could not scorn it.

★ ★ ★

THE LONG BODY (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) does its author, Helen McCloy, justice—though I think she has given us better mysteries. Miss McCloy is one of the best exponents of America's psychological detective fiction, and her acute character-drawing and sense of what makes a crisis have not been known to fail. This time, we have a gentle, civilized lady, an ex-ambassador, who contemplates taking the life of a fellow being—and who, due to a bout of somnambulism, is not sure whether she has done so or not. Provocation, I should add, had been extreme. The villainess, incidentally, uses scent so powerful that it comes off on notepaper. The scene is a delightful part of Connecticut, full of nice people and not far from the coast. Several episodes in *The Long Body* are nerve-racking.

★ ★ ★

FAIR HAVEN, by E. M. Almedingen (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), is a deeply unusual and exciting novel: subject, the building of St. Petersburg; hero, a young Yorkshire squire who took part in it. Few have rendered the spirit and beauty of the now Leningrad better than this Russian-born author, for whom the city was the setting of a pre-revolutionary girlhood. And now, by an almost visionary feat of imagination, she shows us, through the eyes of an Englishman, the coming-to-being of Peter the Great's capital.



An R.A.F. Concert attended by H.M. the Queen and Prince Philip was held at the Albert Hall to commemorate the founding of the R.A.F. in 1918, and in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Above: Air C/M. Sir Dermot Boyle, Lady and Sir John Barbirolli, Lady Boyle and Mr. K. Crickmore

Lady Knollys, Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty and Mrs. R. Attenborough

Mr. Eric Coates, the composer, Mrs. Coates and Dr. Barnes Wallis, the scientist



Van Hallan

Group Capt. and Mrs. S. J. Bailey were there with their daughter Miss Ena Bailey

Mr. L. Behrens, Miss Constance Shacklock, Mrs. Behrens and A.V.M. Sir J. Cordingly



John French

ENTERTAINING AT HOME

IN the next few months cocktail and dinner parties will make the heaviest demands on hostesses. Here we show two outstanding examples of the dresses they will require. Above: short sheath in black French silk jersey, with a deep V-back and décolleté, and a swirling hem of black taffeta. By Neil Roger (in whose house these pictures were taken) at Fortnum & Mason

A LONG black sheath of superb distinction is shown below. It is highlighted by bouffant white organza shoulder swathing forming a wide, two-panel train. This dress is by Rahvis

by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez





Rahvis's short yellow satin party or dancing dress, with delicate embroidery and self-encrusted flowers. Pale yellow chiffon turn-back triangular panel skirt and chiffon evening coat

GRAND TOILETTE FOR A DÉBUTANTE



John French

Left: strapless top green organza short evening dress, with appliquéd lilies of the valley, and matching organza evening coat. Above: a rhapsody in multi-coloured tulle—navy, brown and grey. It has a fabulous wide, full skirt with sweeping back train line. Strapless, with shoulder stole. Created by Neil Roger for Fortnum & Mason, who also have the jewellery

SVELTE FOR THE PLAY

BELOW, left, is a short white chiffon evening dress with swathed bodice and very full wide gathered skirt, over which is worn a beautiful white iridescent brocade evening coat by Mark Luker. Right: a beautiful white mink stole with new wide working, slightly gathered front to fit in at the elbow. S. London





Above: Emba' Lutetia mink stole with rounded collar in the latest mutation fashion colour—gunmetal. Also by S. London. Hat from Woollands

A long, white slinky evening dress (left) in white cotton open mesh lace, embroidered with iridescent pastel rhodoid threads by Mark Luker

For first nights, and dinner after



Michel Molina

A TEAM EXPRESSIVE OF COUNTRY LEISURE

IT is wise, at this time of the year, to make preparation for the brief intervals of recuperation which the season will afford and this team would do much to enhance the pleasure of a snatched country weekend. The yellow flecked Donegal tweed single-breasted straight coat (30 gns.), teamed with a matching suit (30 gns.). The coat has been chosen to wear also over the maize yellow circular skirted dress with slim hipline which, with its own jacket to match, costs 18½ gns. The matching self hat, bordered grosgrain, is 3 gns., the maize yellow blouse, alternative for the skirt, £3 13s. 6d. Still life: Hermes pure silk squared scarf, 6 gns; brown leather, low heel country shoes, 5½ gns; brown leather belt, 5½ gns. All models available at Wetherall's Bond St. and Burlington Arcade establishments, and their agents through the U.K.

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by

Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez







Essential for evening

HERE we show some lovely accessories which will add glitter and sparkle to the beautiful evening dresses which will be worn during the season, and some equipment which will add new grace to your dressing table

—JEAN CLELAND

This superb French beaded evening bag is of gold, steel and silver, and the cameo clasp conceals a mirror. Price £87 10s. from Fortnum and Mason



Left: a beautiful three-colour satin stole, price £4 18s. 6d. The "seven-row" pearl necklace with it costs £6 16s. Both may be obtained from Fenwicks

Above: "Marquise" necklace by Dior, the price of which is £11 10s. Bracelet £8 8s., earrings £2 18s. From Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street



A tiny perfume bottle charmingly designed with gold filigree and fitted with dropping rod. Price 10s. 6d. from Woollards



For punctuality, a miniature 8-day alarm clock by Jaeger-Le Coultre, in leather case. £8 12s. 6d. Fortnum and Mason



This spray in heavy twisted glass is not only efficient but very beautiful. It is £6 14s. 6d., from Fortnum and Mason



Dennis Smith

Black satin evening bag, trimmed diamanté, £6 15s. 6d. from Fingangs. Three-row pearl necklet. Price £4 4s., from Woollards



Above: Dior's "Versailles" suite of jewellery. Bib necklace £26, choker necklace £15, stud earclips £5 15s., drop earclips £7, bracelet £11 5s., brooch £5. Fortnum and Mason

Right: "Amandine" necklace of exquisite design also by Dior, which costs £25. The matching bracelet is £12. Fortnum and Mason



Beauty

First coiffure

Jean Cleland

DÉBUTANTES and spring flowers have many things in common, not the least being that they both come out at the same time, in readiness for the season. As flowers spring up from the brown earth, and burst forth in a glorious variety of bright colours, so the young girls cast away their drab school clothes, to emerge with an exciting array of pretty dresses, dance frocks and "grown-up" clothes. A metamorphosis for them both, enchanting to behold.

Older people, familiar with the parties and social events that follow thick and fast at this time of year, may feel that the gay whirl has long since lost its first fine careless rapture. Younger ones, experiencing the thrill of the merry-go-round for the first time, find it heady and full of sparkle.

To enjoy it to the utmost, it is desirable for the looks to be fresh and radiant, and since of all problems that confront the young girl straight from school hair seems to be the most common, I went for a chat with Alexis of Antoine. Always full of interest as regards young people, he feels with me that youth is the time to look on top of the wave. (Not intended for a pun.) "Most people," he said, "would agree that hair is one of the most important features, therefore every effort should be made by parents, and by the girls themselves, to make it as healthy and as beautiful as possible."

I ASKED him if he could tell me why it is that teenager's hair so often seems out of condition. His reply was that this is largely due to diet. The average school food includes a good deal of starch, and when one's schooldays are finished all carbohydrates should be cut down, and replaced with a generous supply of green salads, vegetables and fresh fruit.

A very important point is to see that the scalp is kept scrupulously clean. The hair should be well brushed each day, and shampooing, whether done at home or at the hairdresser's, should be fairly frequent. Speaking generally, about every ten days for dry hair and as often as every four or five days for oily hair. If there is the slightest sign of dandruff, special dandruff shampoos should be used, bearing in mind that there are different types to be had for both dry and oily hair.



Flyaway curves encircle the head in this young hair style created by Alexis of Antoine, while a posy of snowdrops ornaments the crown

Good news is of the new "Irradiation Cut" which can now be had at Antoine's. This is done with an infra-red lamp mounted on a specially designed mobile stand, with a flexible neck which permits the rays to be directed to all parts of the hair while it is being "damp cut."

By this method, the hair itself is given energy, and made more resilient, *so that any tendency it may have to curl naturally is greatly encouraged*. In addition to this, the penetrative rays, by helping to remove impurities and stimulate the roots of the hair, have a beneficial effect on the scalp.

As regards styling for young people, most of the leading hairdressers are agreed on several main points. Choose something simple that is easy to manage at home. If the hair is oily, keep it fairly short, otherwise the weight of the hair may make it hang lankily. If you wash it yourself, choose a really good make of shampoo, and see that it is suitable for your particular type. Above all, take care with the rinsing. Rinse and rinse again, until the hair positively "squeaks" under your hands.

Whatever you may do in the way of shampooing and setting at home, be sure to go to a good hairdresser for a really first-class "cut." This is the only way to keep your head in good shape.

The new hair styles you see on this page have been evolved specially for you by Alexis of Antoine (Dover Street) and Richard Henry, hair stylists of London and Rome, who have recently transformed an old bakery in the Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, into a very beautiful and contemporary hairdressing salon.

We present these charming styles to you with the Season's Greetings.



Left: a swirl of light broken curves is the basis for this precision-cut débutante coiffure. Right: a shapely and practical cut with sprigs of apple blossom. Both by Alexis of Antoine

Short hair is lifted by an oval curl setting to give a natural flowing line. Shown beside it is the shortened version of the Roman Bob Line. These styles are by Richard Henry

THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED



Lenare
Miss Rosemary Abel Smith, daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Conolly Abel Smith, K.C.V.O., and Lady Mary Abel Smith, of Ashiestiel, Galashiels, Scotland, has recently announced her engagement to Capt. Robert Wolridge Gordon, Grenadier Guards, of Hallhead and Esslemont, Aberdeenshire



Lenare
Miss Angela Mary Rosamonde Fayle, only daughter of Brig. and Mrs. L. R. E. Fayle, of Foxholes Road, Southbourne, Hampshire, is engaged to Mr. Richard Linley Tickell, Royal Engineers, younger son of Maj.-Gen. Sir Eustace and Lady Tickell, of Wood End, Cobham, Surrey



Pearl Freeman
Mademoiselle Yolande de Bonvouloir, daughter of Comte and Comtesse Charles de Bonvouloir, of Château d'Amblie, Cruelly, Calvados, Normandy, is to marry Mr. Peter John Graham Carson-Parker, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Carson-Parker, of Eaton Square, London, S.W.1



Dorothy Wilding
Miss Shirley Bibby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Bibby, of Caldy, Cheshire, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Gordon McKechnie, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McKechnie, of Tarporley, Cheshire



Fayer
The Hon. Susan Money-Coutts, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Latymer, of Cinderhill Farm, Mayfield, Sussex, is to marry Mr. Michael John Turner, younger son of Mr. T. F. Turner, Q.C., of Park Avenue, New York, and the Hon. Mrs. Turner, of The Grange, North Cadbury, Yeovil, Somerset



Fayer
Miss Jennifer Burnier, younger daughter of the late Dr. E. E. L. Burnier, of Lausanne, Switzerland, and Mrs. A. A. Dams, of Dadford, Buckingham, is to marry Mr. Peter Fraser, only son of Sir Francis and Lady Fraser, of Melina Court, N.W.8

Pearl Freeman
Miss Rosemary Anne Clifford Turner, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Turner, of Reigate, Surrey, has announced her engagement to Mr. John Erskine, of Poonagalla, Ceylon, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Erskine, of Kotagiri, South India



COMING OUT
parties are often strenuous affairs, whose participants need solid nourishment. Here is part of the cold buffet, with the chefs responsible, at a débâutante dance at the Hyde Park Hotel

DINING OUT

China to Dover

IT seems fantastic that in all the years I have been in London, and possibly the thousand times I have passed up and down Shaftesbury Avenue, not until March, 1956, had I previously visited the Hong Kong Restaurant in that thoroughfare.

I know many people who use it regularly; they had told me the food was excellent, the service swift and friendly, and that the proprietor, Mr. Chong Mong Young, a Chinese gentleman from Hong Kong, and his wife, an English lady from Sandwich in Kent, were charming people. I found all this was quite true.

I left myself in the hands of Mr. Young and asked him to order for me the sort of meal he would select himself for entertaining one of his English friends.

The first course was High Yuk Sook Mai Tong, Har Biang, which is cream corn and crab meat soup with prawn crackers; the next consisted of six different dishes and one helped oneself to a little of everything and later on to a good deal more of one or the other according to which you found most tasty, such as Jar Loong-Har-Kow (fried lobster in batter); Chow Bart Bow Dan (which is a special egg chop-suey); Mor Goo Gai Kow (stewed chicken and mushrooms in gravy); Shui Gai (roast chicken in Chinese style); Yau Jar Youk Suun (sweet and sour pork), and Chow Fan (fried rice); the third course was Ly-Chee (a Chinese fruit) in syrup.

As an apéritif we drank a Chinese rice wine called Sum Soo and as a liqueur Mui Kwar Lao, which has a strong resemblance to the French liqueur, "Marc." We finished up with Muk Li Cha, a very fragrant Chinese jasmine tea which can be purchased from the Youngs' Chinese Emporium in Rupert Street. The bill for two amounted to £1 13s. 6d. and the next time I go there I shall order an identical menu.

WANDERING about the West End on Easter Saturday I realized what a dull time it must be for visitors. "Closed" was the operative word as far as dozens of restaurants and bars were concerned.

The Dover Buttery in Dover Street was both open and closed. I went in because all the lights were on and the door was open, to be met by a scene of terrific activity. A major spring clean was in progress and hygiene was the order of the day.

"Orders of the Day" are nothing new to Tim Healey as he was once Chief Catering Adviser to the Middle East Armies and spent a vast amount of time and energy seeing that the meals provided came definitely under the heading of "edible." He was also responsible for staging some fabulous banquets at Shepheard's in Cairo in between times, for visitors from the areas of austerity.

He has greatly enlarged the Dover Buttery. Apart from the counter bar, much used by ladies visiting the fashionable hairdressers in the district, there is now a large and comfortable room where, as he says, "executives can lunch or wine and dine in peace." In the Balcony Room on the first floor you dine by candlelight to music provided by a zither or a guitar.

Both at the Dover Buttery and the Knightsbridge Buttery, 26 Knightsbridge (extremely convenient for the shops), which is also owned by the same company, Tim Healey is concentrating on the best of basic English foods, chops, steaks, roast beef, lamb and ham, steak and kidney pudding, salmon, soles, lobsters, crabs, etc. (but no oysters), backed up with very adequate wine lists at very reasonable prices, available by the glass, the carafe and the bottle.



DINING IN

King Salmon

THESE days, when salmon costs 2ls. a pound, it is not easy to believe that at one time, both in this land and the salmon districts of France, there was a clause in the agreement between master and domestic servant (at the latter's request) to the effect that salmon would not be provided for the staff on more than a limited number of occasions during the year. *Autres temps, autres moeurs.* . . .

Being an expensive fish, we quite rightly keep to the more simple ways of cooking it. Let me recapitulate the remarks I made a year ago:

A whole salmon should be placed on a fish rack in cold *court bouillon* because, if it were placed in hot stock, the skin would burst and much of the flavour would be lost. A piece of salmon, on the other hand, should be placed in boiling *court bouillon* (no vinegar), so that the cut surface will be sealed. These are Escoffier's ways.

Poach salmon, never boil it. Boiled fish, however prime to begin with, becomes woolly when cooked. Place a whole salmon in the cold *court bouillon*, bring it to the boil, then immediately lower the heat so that the liquid merely quivers, and leave for the required time. A fish weighing 10 lb. requires 30 minutes' poaching; a 6 lb. fish, 20 minutes; a 4 lb. one, 15 minutes, and one of 2 lb., 10 minutes. These times do not seem much, but they are those given in Madame Prunier's *Fish Cookery Book*, and I have found them adequate.

GRILLED salmon steaks are wonderfully good, but how rarely perfect they are! The trouble, of course, lies in their thickness. One less than an inch thick is better when grilled on one side only, as I discovered was the method in a restaurant where the salmon steaks are always perfect. It is impossible to grill a thinish steak to a golden brown on both sides without drying out the flesh. So now I grill steaks of anything up to an inch in thickness on one side only. For a 1½ in. thick steak, quickly grill one side, then turn it and subject it to a very fierce heat long enough to brown it, then lower the heat and finish off the cooking. This helps to seal in the juice on the less well done side.

In these days I take the easy way, which is so often the better one in cooking. I melt a generous piece of butter in a large shallow heat-proof glass dish, place the steaks in it, turn them at once and grill them on only one side. The fish, surrounded by tiny new boiled potatoes, rolled in butter and sprinkled with chopped parsley, is served from the dish. Thus I do away with the washing-up of the grill pan and grid and the brush for applying the melted butter. Legitimate, I think, when the results are so excellent.

Maitre d'hôtel butter may be "usual" but, for me, Hollandaise is the perfect one for this fish, whether grilled or poached. I have seen chefs make it in an easy but certain way. First, they allow a good teaspoon of water for each egg yolk. They whisk these in a small pan over hot water until frothy. Then, for each egg yolk, they whisk in about one and a third ounces of melted butter. They add seasoning to taste. This produces a beautifully smooth sauce which almost, but not quite, holds its shape.

A poached steak of salmon, served cold with cucumber mayonnaise, is a dish to remember. Poach the salmon and leave it to become cold. Finely dice a cupful of peeled, deseeded cucumber. Sprinkle with a speck of salt and leave for several hours. Press out the liquid between two plates. At the last minute, stir the cucumber into very thick mayonnaise.

- Helen Burke

- I. Bickerstaff

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THE LADIES LEAD

Oliver Stewart

SIR WILLIAM ROOTES was careful to scotch the inference that his group was going to devote its attention to sports car racing at the time when he announced the entry of two works Sunbeam Rapiers for the Mille Miglia. But he added that he felt it to be the duty of British manufacturers to show the flag abroad in these sort of events. The point that attracted most notice, however, was the fact that a woman driver had been selected to take the wheel of one of the Rapiers, Miss Sheila Van Damm. Mr. Peter Harper will be her co-driver.

It is small wonder that the Mille Miglia is not a race that has appealed to women drivers in the past. It is, I suppose, the most hectic event in the whole calendar and, although women have shown that they are prepared to take all the ordinary racing risks, the risks in this event are sometimes extraordinary.

WHEN she announced her intention of retiring from rally driving, Miss Van Damm said that her work at the Windmill Theatre would prevent her attending the five or six international events each year; but she is devoting some of her holiday to the Mille Miglia. Everybody interested in British participation in motor sport will wish her good luck.

Women again made motoring news when Jaguar announced the appointment of their executive directors. For Miss Alice Fenton has been made Home Sales Director of the company. Jaguar's public relations officer tells me that Miss Fenton has been a member of the company since 1925. Presumably her problems will include coping with meeting the Government's twin demands: to *reduce* home sales while at the same time *increasing* production.

Those demands look as if they are mutually exclusive. Greater production, it is perpetually dinned into us, is the key to greater national prosperity. The small point that production has no value at all unless the thing produced can be disposed of in a beneficial manner is overlooked.



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And export markets, even for cars which have established their popularity abroad, do not automatically absorb a mounting total of units.

The other executive directors announced by Jaguar are Mr. J. Silver to be Production Director, Mr. W. E. Orr to be Works Director (he has been Works Manager since 1938) and Mr. F. R. W. England to be Service Director.

The Standing Joint Committee of the R.A.C., the A.A. and the R.S.A.C., to which we owe so much for maintaining a watch on officialdom and for fighting the motorist's case, is on shaky ground when it appeals to motorists "not to plaster their vehicles with pennants, stickers and mascots." I personally doubt whether this admittedly idiotic habit has any effect on road safety.

The Committee, however, has no doubts. "Pennantry," it says, "is dangerous not decorative. In recent years many motorists, especially returning holidaymakers, have festooned their car windows with stickers proclaiming where they have travelled. The practice can be extremely hazardous."

Then the point is made that drivers should have an unrestricted view through their windows. That is an advantage, it is true, but has it anything to do with safety? If it has, then the van without any view to the rear at all is, *ipso facto*, a dangerous vehicle—and surely no basically dangerous vehicle should be allowed on the roads. Official toleration of the van shows clearly that it is not regarded as a menace in quarters which lay down the law.

THE truth is that it is possible to drive safely without the wide angle rear view offered by so many modern cars. On occasions the average speed will fall, for the driver without rear view must, like the taxi driver moving away from a central rank, take time when seeking to go from one traffic lane to another. He must gradually edge over, holding himself ready to give way. With full rear view he can see just what is coming up on the left.

So the logic of it is this: Plaster your car with pennants if you like; but when you do so remember that you must employ added caution whenever the path of your car may encroach upon the path of some car or other vehicle coming up from the rear. Pennantry—to use the Committee's word—slows cars but does *not* make them inherently more dangerous.

As an ardent admirer of the driving methods taught by the Metropolitan Police, I read *Road Craft* (H.M. Stationery Office) with attention. But it is a disappointing book. It is too wordy and too pompous. The consequence is that the very real value of its contents is obscured. In the cold starting advice, for instance, I really do not know what purpose the final two words fulfil in the instruction: "Rotate engine a few times with starting handle (if fitted)." There are far worse examples of unrestrained verbiage. It seems a little as if the practical advice which can be conveyed has been overlaid by mumbo-jumbo.

Driving a motor car is a simple action and it is wrong to attempt to mingle it with black magic (defined in Parliament the other day as the opposite of white magic!). I do not approve of the ultra-analytic approach which would describe and order to the last detail the motions of the little finger of the left hand during a gear change. Nevertheless, I think that most people who are genuinely interested in their driving technique will find this book, *Road Craft*, useful. I would like to see a new edition next year with less verbiage, less proposed duplication (of mirrors and signals—hand and mechanical) and a bolder, simpler, more direct approach to the reader.



COOPER-NORTONS DUELING on the Brands Hatch circuit, Kent, on Easter Monday. The drivers are S. Lewis Evans (in front) and G. Wicken





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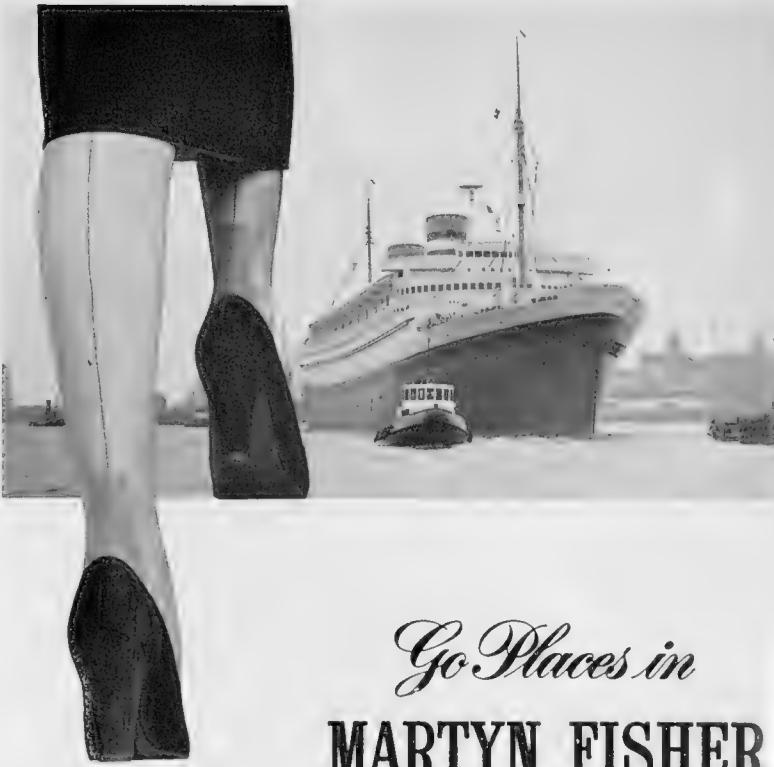


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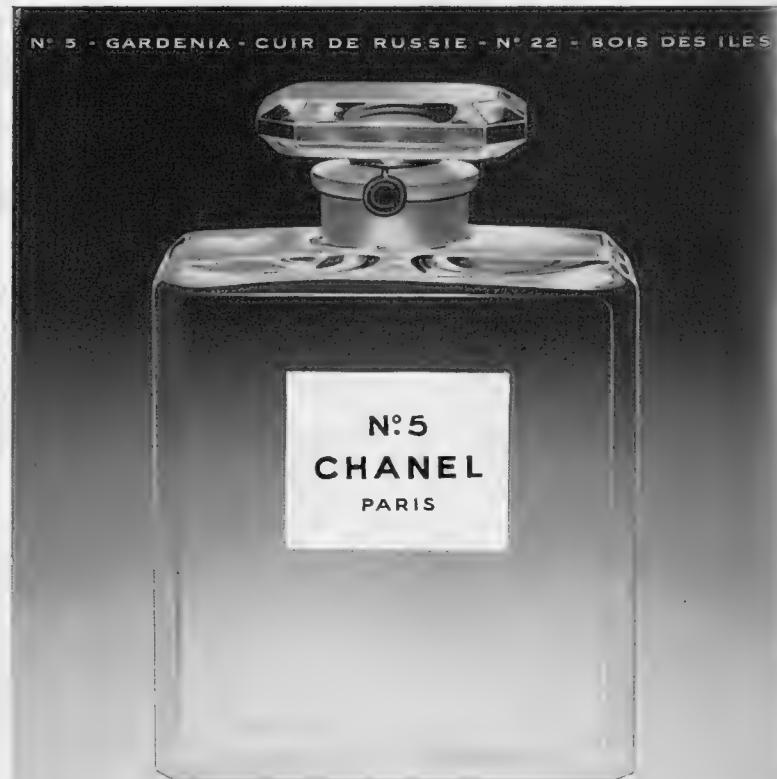
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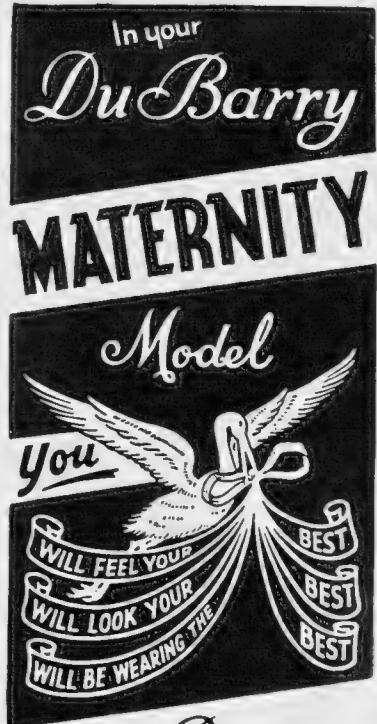
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Beaumont—La Trobe-Bateman. Mr. John Michael Beaumont, elder son of the late Mr. L. (Buster) Beaumont, and of Mrs. E. Beaumont, of London, married Miss Diana Mary La Trobe-Bateman, daughter of Lt.-Col. J. S. La Trobe-Bateman, of Tunbridge Wells, and of Mrs. M. La Trobe-Bateman, of London, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Boggon—Robarts-Arnold. Mr. Martyn Nicholas Boggon, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Boggon, of The Old Grange, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, married Miss Gillian Robarts-Arnold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Robarts-Arnold, of The Woodlands, Seaton, Devon, at St. John the Baptist, Wickhemford, Evesham, Worcestershire



Kimball—Fenwick. Mr. Marcus Richard Kimball, M.P., son of Major L. Kimball, of Bermuda, and of Mrs. Joan Kimball, of Dalby Hall, Melton Mowbray, married Miss June M. Fenwick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Fenwick, of Great Stukely Hall, Huntingdon, at St. Michael's Church, Huntingdon



Kaye—Eaton. Mr. Christopher W. Kaye, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Kralsheimer, of Sloane Street, S.W.1, married Miss Jennifer H. Tatchell, daughter of Mrs. J. W. Eaton and the late Major G. E. Tatchell, and stepdaughter of Vice-Admiral J. W. Eaton, of Bouchiers Lodge, Tolleshunt D'Arcy, Essex, at Tolleshunt D'Arcy Church



Artus—Touche. Mr. Ronald E. Artus, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Artus, of Hucclecote, Gloucestershire, married Miss Brenda M. Touche, daughter of Sir Norman and Lady Touche, of Westcott, Surrey, at Holy Trinity, Westcott



Quinney—Winterton. The wedding took place at Solihull Parish Church, Warwickshire, of Mr. Jeremy Chavasse Alden Quinney, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Quinney, of Oake Farm, Sam Bourne, Warwickshire, and Miss Diana Jane Winterton, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Winterton, of The Paddock, Bentley Heath, Knowle, Warwickshire



Champion De Crespigny—Robertson. Capt. H. P. Champion de Crespigny, 15/19th Hussars, son of Air Vice-Marshall H. V. Champion de Crespigny, of Natal, and Mrs. S. E. Champion de Crespigny, of London, married Miss E. C. Robertson, daughter of Mr. J. B. Robertson, of Romford, and Mrs. R. V. Lea, of Ipoh, Malaya, at St. James's, Spanish Place

BARON TAKES TEA WITH THE LADY DOUGLAS OF KIRTLESIDE

The Lady Douglas of Kirtleside, wife of Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, G.C.B., M.C., D.F.C., poses for a characteristic study by eminent photographer, Baron, in the sitting room of their modern flat in London. Lord Douglas was Commander-in-Chief of Fighter and Coastal Commands during the war. Later he was British Military Governor in Germany, and is now Chairman of B.E.A. Since her marriage last year, Lady Douglas has become a devotee of aviation: now she is learning to fly.



BARON: Now, Lady Douglas, I suppose I had better start right away —otherwise you'll be taking wing before I get you properly in focus.

LADY DOUGLAS: Well, much as I love the air, I do come down to earth sometimes, Mr. Baron. Anyhow, I've finished my flying lesson for today . . . so we do have a little time. Can I tempt you to a cup of tea?

BARON: Indeed, you can. I've been eying that exquisite service with a mixture of envy and anticipation. Italian, isn't it?

LADY DOUGLAS: Yes, it is. My husband picked it up some years ago on one of his visits to Rome. Actually, I should have had Wedgwood on the table . . . you see, my mother is a great-niece of Josiah Wedgwood.

BARON: Really? Then this will be your own special blend of tea, too, I'll wager.

LADY DOUGLAS: Well, yes and no. Actually, it's Brooke Bond 'Choicest' blend. We like it very much, and the great thing is we can simply order it with the rest of the groceries. Always fresh and no fuss. Take sugar?



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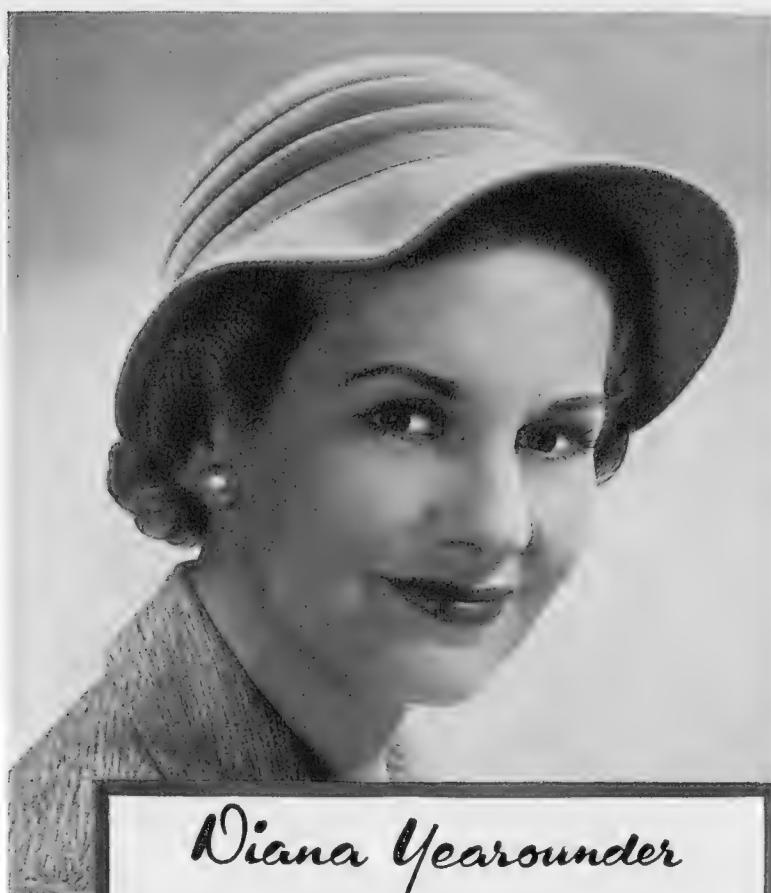
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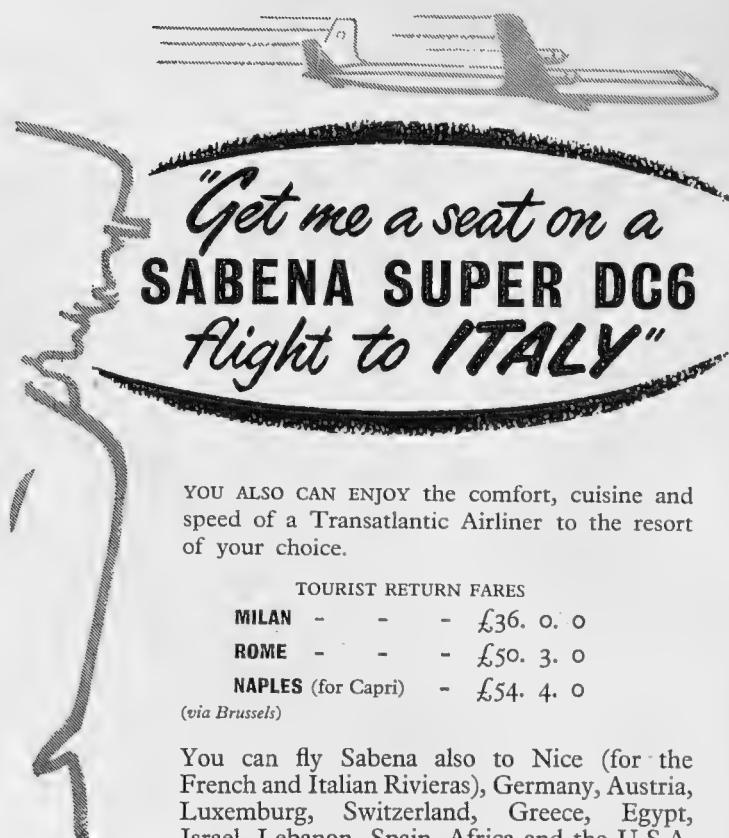
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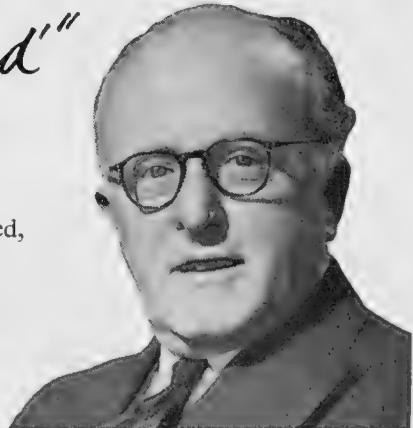
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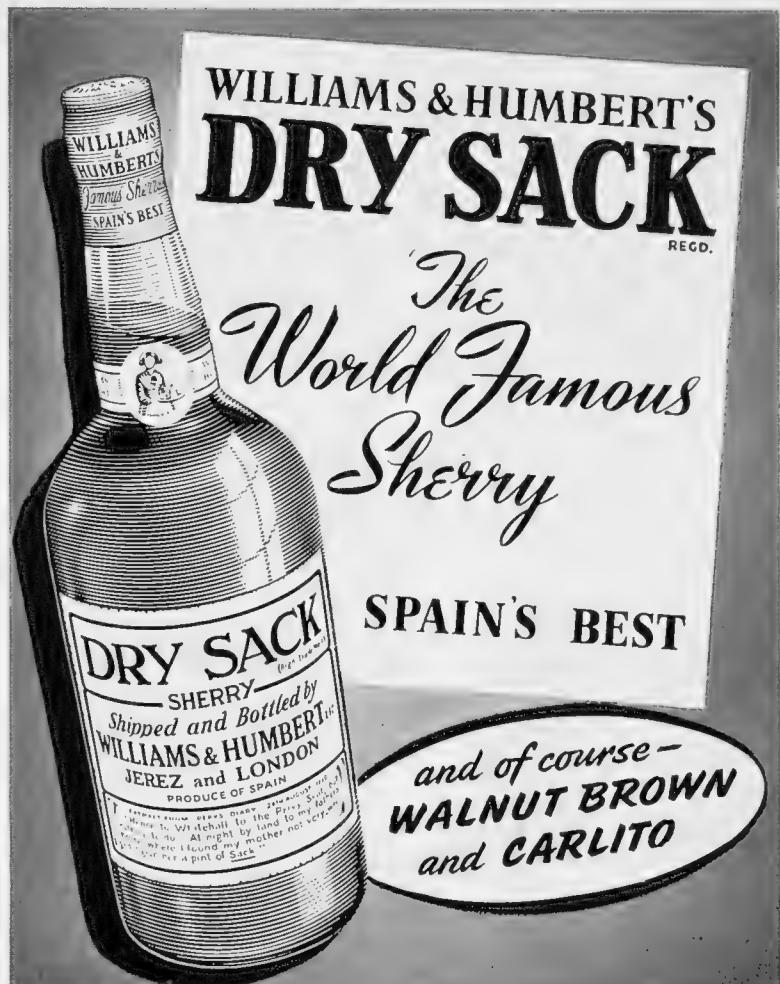
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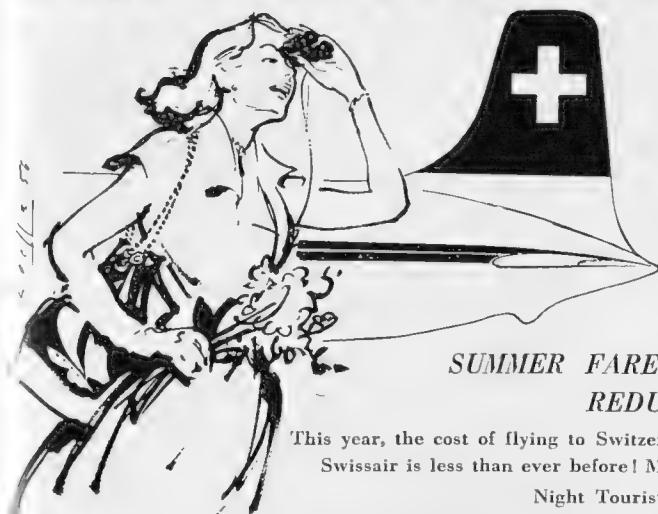
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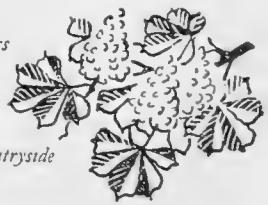
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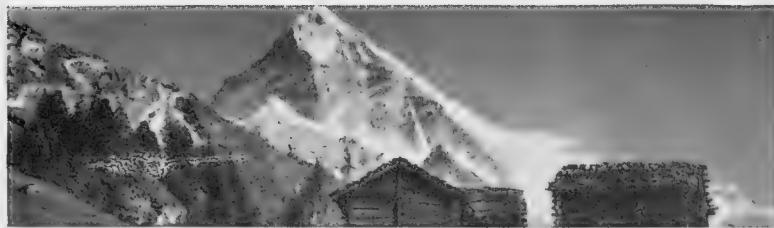
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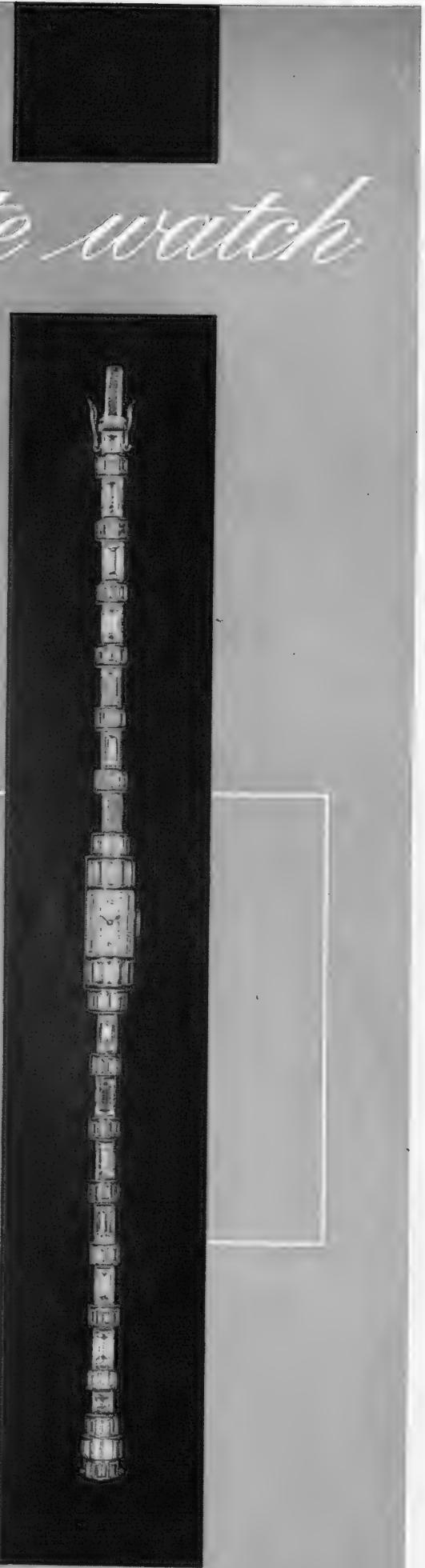
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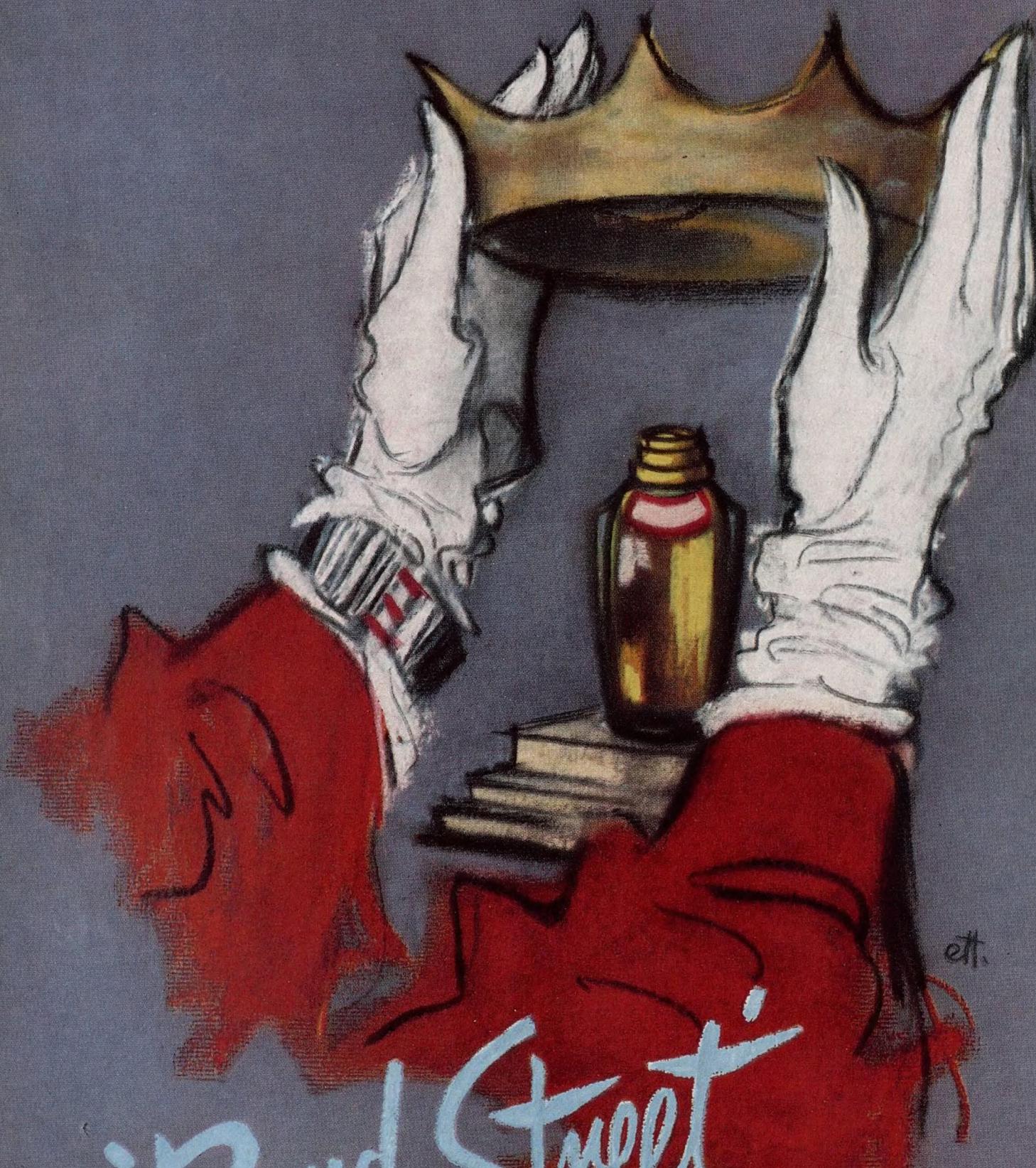
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